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Five Hundred Years of Parliamentary Government in Sweden

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IN THE LAST days of May this year, the Swedish Riksdag commemorated its five hundredth anniversary with a celebration to which the other Scandinavian nations also sent representatives. It was for purely practical reasons that the time was set in the spring shortly before the representatives of the people adjourned. Actually the assembly in 1435 which we met to commemorate was held in the beginning of January, about the time of the year when our modern Riksdag generally convenes.

Needless to say, the meeting held in Arboga, Västmanland, in 1435, was much less definitive and regular than a modern parliament. Nevertheless it seems to have been representative of the established groups of the population in Sweden of that day, and therefore fulfils our idea of what a Riksdag should be—although that name did not come into use till more than a hundred years later, when it was imported from Germany in the reign of Gustav Vasa. It is true that the sources on which we base our knowledge are scanty and not altogether clear, but the Rhymed Chronicle which is the chief of these sources mentions as present: bishops and prelates, knights and squires, townspeople and commonalty; in other words, nobility, clergy, burghers, and peasants, corresponding to the four Estates which constituted the Riksdag down to 1865, when the Estates were displaced by the two chambers.

Unfortunately the language of the Rhymed Chronicle is not quite clear, so that other interpretations are possible, and there are some

historians who doubt that the commonalty was represented in 1435. It is, however, generally conceded that all four Estates were present at the next meeting which was held in Arboga in January 1436. For several reasons, which it is unnecessary to enter into here, I hold to the opinion that all the four Estates as conceived at that time must have been represented already in 1435 at the meeting from which we date the quingentenary.

This conception of the ancient origin of our parliament is by no means new, for it is mentioned by authors as early as the eighteenth century, but it did not win universal credence till relatively recent times. For the last sixty years it has been gaining ground until it is now generally accepted and forms part of the course in Swedish history taught every child in school. There is especially one fact which gives this theory a peculiar appeal to our patriotic sentiments, namely that the Riksdag in Arboga in 1435 was called together by the popular leader, the Dalecarlian miner Engelbrekt Engelbrektsson, and its most important duty was to invest him with full authority as ruler of the realm to conduct negotiations with the Danish King against whom he had already led a successful campaign at the head of an army of the common people called together from all the provinces.

Although Engelbrekt's career was cut short all too soon—when he fell beneath the axe of an assassin the following year—it had a profound influence in awakening to new life the national consciousness of Sweden. In fact we have had occasion to see, this anniversary year, how the memory of Engelbrekt's achievement has caught the popular fancy and has quite overshadowed the quingentenary of the Riksdag while giving it a deeper patriotic significance. More than almost anyone else, Engelbrekt stands as the spokesman of the Swedish ideal of self-government, an ideal which has never died in spite of changing political régimes, but has lived on down through the centuries, though with frequent shifting of the balance of power between the central government and the representatives of the people.

Just how far Engelbrekt may be regarded as the creator of the Swedish Riksdag we have at present no means of knowing. There are scholars who think that his part in it was very slight. We know at least that he had precedents to go by. There had been the great popular assemblies for the election of Kings, the oldest which we know anything about having been held in the summer of 1319, and no doubt these assemblies had helped to create the idea of a great representative body, a parliament which should include the whole realm and be over the provincial *Things*. There had also been meetings of the great lords, in

which the Council of the King constituted the fixed core. It was therefore quite natural that, in times when difficult decisions had to be made, these meetings of the nobility should be strengthened with members from the other groups of the population.

As early as 1359 King Magnus Eriksson issued a call to an assembly of representatives from the whole realm, to be held at Kalmar. In this call he gave extremely detailed instruction as to the distribution of representatives according to Estates. We see plainly here the outline of the later Four Estates of the Realm; so in this respect the age of Engelbrekt contributed nothing new. But unfortunately we do not know whether this assembly actually took place. It is the writer's opinion, shared by others, that it was held, not in Kalmar, but in Söderköping. However, in this matter opinion stands against opinion, and we know nothing definite. At any rate we know that the great letter of King Magnus calling the Estates together did not create any precedent or establish any permanent institution.

It was quite a different matter with the Arboga Riksdag of 1435. Of course it was not by any means a Swedish model parliament, but it was unique in that it actually initiated the meetings which after that time were held, irregularly to be sure, but with sufficient frequency so that, when looked at in its larger aspects, we may speak of a continuous line. The meeting of lords, "*Herredagen*," continued to function side by side with the Riksdag, and its rôle was not played out till the sixteenth century, though the Riksdag as a body steadily grew in importance. It was called together on many occasions, and always when there was a decision to be made in regard to the ruler of the realm.

In this way the Riksdag came to assume the duties and rights of the ancient assemblies for the election of Kings, which finally in the fifteenth century were completely absorbed by it. The position of the Riksdag within the organization of the realm was entirely unregulated by law and remained so for a long time. Its development was therefore by usage which gradually became established. It is important to note that during this early period of its existence the Swedish national parliament had no power to levy taxes. This was done by the separate provinces according to their old constitutions. It was only in the most important cases that the Riksdag took action in matters of finance. The most far-reaching resolution of this kind was during the reign of Gustav Vasa, when at the meeting in 1527 it approved the reduction of the "surplus" property of the Catholic Church and thereby laid the foundation of the Reformation. Not till around the year 1600 did the levying of taxes become a regular part of its duties. A little later (1614) the

principle was established that the power of making laws should be exercised by the Riksdag and the King in conjunction. Formerly it had been customary that the provinces should at least have something to say about the matter.

The Swedish Riksdag was in its origin and nature a revolutionary body. It drew to itself more power in stormy times. When great decisions were pending, it was necessary for the rulers to assure themselves of popular approval—as for instance in the rivalry between national and unionistic tendencies toward the close of the Middle Ages. This explains why the Riksdag was rarely called together during the period when the Sture family ruled (1470-1520). It explains also why Gustav Vasa found it necessary to call it more frequently in the earlier years of his reign, when he was still struggling to establish and maintain his power, than in the later more quiet years that preceded his death in 1560.

The disturbances during the time of Gustav Vasa's sons again led to frequent calling together of the Riksdag, especially during the violent conflicts that followed the death of Johan III in 1592. The dynastic crisis caused by the union with Poland under the pious Catholic, Sigismund, put the Riksdag to a severe test. The old Council of the Realm had broken down, and the Estates had to act on their own responsibility under the direction of Duke Karl of Södermanland (afterwards Karl IX) who was a vigorous leader but none too scrupulous in his methods. During these eventful years the Riksdag grew in power, and its mode of procedure was developed in a manner formerly quite unknown.

The result was a rallying to the support of the new national monarchy worthily represented by Karl's son and successor, Gustavus Adolphus. Better than almost any other statesman in the entire history of Sweden this great king knew how to work with the Riksdag and to win its support for his high political and religious goals. Under him the first regulation for the procedure of the Riksdag as a whole was formulated in 1617 and that for the House of Nobles in 1628. The latter became especially important in the development of parliamentary rules. The Riksdag of the Four Estates was now completed in its classic form. Its main features were fixed by the Act of Government of 1634, framed by Axel Oxenstierna under the direction of the King. In this document the democratic character of the Swedish parliament was for the first time officially expressed.

The most striking fact in the history of the Swedish Riksdag is its continuity, which has no parallel outside of England. It escaped the

fate of the fairly numerous representative bodies on the Continent which survived from the Middle Ages only to be submerged in the flood of absolutism. It continued to live though under changing conditions, sometimes with the preponderance of power in the hands of royalty, sometimes with an equally pronounced ascendancy of the Riksdag itself, until it entered upon its modern phase.

If we look for an explanation of this continuity we shall find it in the great wars of the seventeenth century. From the beginning of that century the power to levy taxes had been in the hands of the Riksdag, and the constant demands upon the nation's resources which the militaristic policies made inevitable required its cooperation. We note a tendency to hold its sessions—now almost always in Stockholm—at regular intervals, necessitated by the fact that appropriations to the Crown were made for a limited number of years. In 1660 the period was fixed at three years, just as it had been done in England some time before.

When Karl XI twenty years later used the increasing antagonism between the nobles and the commonalty to make himself absolute, the position of the Riksdag was in many respects changed. The King cleverly built up a new economic system based on the land and its natural products, thus reducing his dependence upon the tax-levying power to a minimum. During the incessant wars of his son and successor Karl XII, this system broke down. The King never called the Riksdag, but during his absence on his foreign campaigns the Estates were assembled by the home government, and they showed a much more truculent temper than ever before. When the King died in 1718, all restraints were removed. The era of an all-powerful Riksdag was at hand.

The so-called Era of Liberty lasted for a little over half a century (1719-72). During this time practically all authority was in the hands of the four Estates, while the monarch was reduced to a figure-head. At the same time, the line of demarcation between the Estates and the rest of the people was so sharply drawn that it came to constitute an almost impassable wall. The justice of this division was never questioned, for the system was in accordance with the ideas of the day, giving scope for the political abilities of the classes most competent to exercise power. We may say that, on the whole, leadership was in the hands of the nobility, and within this Estate the numerous officeholders dominated. All in all, the Era of Liberty had a bureaucratic character. The Estates that were in control assumed more and more of the government administration. The development of parliamentary procedure

which took place in this period is extremely interesting and is perhaps the most important contribution of the age to our system of government.

In the center stood the all-powerful "Secret Committee" to which, as a rule, representatives of the peasant Estate were not admitted. The two-party system was adopted. The great weakness of the era was the absence of any responsible government. The ministers were only servants of the Estates. A genuine Prime Minister did not exist except during the first two decades of the era when Arvid Horn filled the place. His position corresponded very much to that of his English contemporary Sir Robert Walpole, with this difference that Arvid Horn did not establish any precedent. Toward the close of the Era of Liberty the antagonism between the nobility and the other Estates became ever more violent, so that it threatened to disrupt the party system. This in connection with the disadvantages inherent in having the foreign policies of the country dominated by party politics—a state of things that was most unscrupulously utilized by foreign powers; it was said that in no other country was corruption so rife as in Sweden—finally brought the existing order to an end. Gustav III's *coup d'état* in 1772 was hailed with joy by the whole nation.

The Gustavian Era (1772-1809), like the absolutism of the Carolinian Kings, was an interlude during which the country stood in the sign of a powerful monarchy. The Riksdag ceased to govern and to administer. After a new *coup* in 1789, a few months before the outbreak of the French Revolution, the monarchy approached absolutism. Gustav III, like Karl XI, knew how to turn to his own advantage the antagonism between the nobility and the other Estates. It was especially within the nobility that the political heritage from the Era of Liberty continued to live, though only as an undercurrent. At the same time there were other circles where the influence from the epochal events in France found sporadic expression in a more radical opposition.

In spite of all, the Riksdag continued to exercise political power. Gustav III tried to prepare a reform in the method of representation which should better serve the interests of royalty, but his plan remained on paper. After his death his son and successor Gustav IV Adolph called the Riksdag together only once (1800). In spite of the strain on his economy due to the great war with France and afterwards with Russia, he managed without appealing to the Estates. Inasmuch as this war with Russia resulted in the loss of Finland, the Riksdag of 1800 was the last in which Finnish representatives took their places beside the Swedish.

In 1809 Gustav IV Adolph was deposed, but the new government made no change in the composition of the Riksdag. It is true there were forces astir seeking the abolition of the Estates system and the substitution of a representation of the whole body of citizens, but nothing came of it except an interchange of opinions. The new form of government, which is even now the basis of Sweden's Constitution, sought to effect a better balance between the powers of the State, avoiding both the supremacy of the Riksdag seen during the Era of Liberty and the absolutism of the Gustavian Era. Both the experiences of the nation and the theoretical speculations in foreign countries were drawn upon to insure a safe and sane balance of power. With it all, however, we cannot help seeing that the supremacy of the Riksdag was most effectively entrenched by the revised Constitution which gave it the exclusive right to levy taxes with all the privileges appertaining thereto. This financial power has in fact proved to be the lever by which it has risen to ever greater political importance. The consequences are plainly seen in our day, and there are those who believe they discern a tendency toward a Riksdag invested with supreme power as in the Era of Liberty.

As we have seen, the division into four Estates was seriously criticized as early as in 1809. After that the issue was allowed to rest a while. Its revival may have been due in a measure to the adoption of a new Constitution in Norway in 1814, which in its decidedly democratic type afforded a striking contrast to that of Sweden. But the chief reason was the general feeling that the old system of the four Estates no longer answered to the needs of modern social conditions. Large groups of the population, among them intellectuals and business men, were entirely excluded from political influence. Several reforms were adopted with a view to building up the historical Estates on a broader basis, and as a matter of fact these changes resulted in doing away with the most flagrant "abuses." But the demand for a thorough reorganization became ever more insistent and, after a struggle lasting several decades, the new system of representation was finally piloted to victory by Louis De Geer at the Riksdag of 1865-66—the last one to be elected under the old order of the four Estates.

It may be doubted whether De Geer and his henchmen fully understood the nature and ultimate effect of the two party system such as it was then established. A certain plutocratic tendency certainly offered a new point of attack, a point which was not neglected. Those who in our day believe in a cooperative organization of the nation have at least been prone to think that great ideal values were lost when the four

Estates were done away with. The principle on which the composition of the Riksdag was based down to 1867 was that the "possessing" classes should cooperate in the work of government. Under pressure of the new ideas in the revolutionary year 1848, voices were raised also in our country for the forgotten "proletarians." Their time was at hand. When Sweden became an industrial country, the extension of the political suffrage to all classes became just as vital an issue as the question of representation had been. This is not the place to recount the stages of the long struggle, except to say that after decades of stormy discussion it ended, in 1918, at the close of the World War, with the complete democratization of the suffrage, in which the right of women to vote was garnered like a rapidly ripened fruit.



Selma Lagerlöf

The Third in a Series of Four Articles

BY HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN

Three Decades of Creative Writing

IN FALUN Selma Lagerlöf was destined to spend more than twenty years of her life. It was a very productive period, in which her great double novel *Jerusalem*, dealing with Dalecarlian peasants, stands as the chief monument. The removal from Landscrona was made for family reasons. Miss Lagerlöf had severed her connection with the school in order to devote herself to writing, and was therefore free to live where she pleased. Her sister, chief companion of her childhood, Fru Gerda Ahlgren, was living at Falun, and their mother



Selma Lagerlöf and Her Mother Outside the Home in Falun

wished to have both her daughters near her. Miss Lagerlöf took an apartment on one of the garden-lined streets of the pretty old town looking up toward the tower of Christina Church. After some years she bought a house—according to her own account in order to put a quietus once for all on her longing for Mårbacka. This house is now the home of Fru Ahlgren and bears the name Lagerlöfgården. When I visited it last summer in order to see the many mementos of Miss Lagerlöf's occupation which it still contains, I found a quaint old diamond-paned house in the traditional Dalecarlian warm

red with white trim, set in a large rambling garden. A spacious room had been added on the ground floor as a library and a place for social gatherings.

The income from her early books enabled Miss Lagerlöf not only to found a home and provide for her household, which included her mother and her aunt Lovisa Lagerlöf, but also to indulge her longing to see more of the world. Although her weak foot continued to be a handicap, she became an inveterate traveler. Usually in the company of her friend Sophie Elkan, she visited most of the countries of Europe, besides Egypt and the Near East. She also learned to know Fru Elkan's home province, Bohuslen, and the west coast with its bare knolls and foam-wreathed skerries—so much harsher and sterner than the interior of Sweden—became the background for several important books.

A visit to the long-deserted site of Kungahälla stimulated her imagination to conjure up a vision of the old Norwegian seaport city when it was the meeting place of Scandinavian Kings and the scene of



*Selma Lagerlöf as Painted by Carl Larsson in
Falun, 1902*

the inter-Scandinavian royal marriages of ancient days. It was there that Sigrid Storråde came to meet Olav Tryggvason; and with a characteristic touch Selma Lagerlöf describes how, as the pagan Queen approached, all the trolls and nixies, the mermen and mermaids who had fled before the sound of Olav's church bells, came rushing back to take possession of the land and sea. But the Holy Virgin revealed to Olav the wickedness that lurked underneath the beauty of the Queen, and he threw into her face the historic glove with the historic ungallant remark which was to cause his death.

At Kungahälla St. Olav waited many months for the noble Swedish Princess Ingegerd, whom he loved unseen, but the Swedish King played upon him the cruel trick of sending instead his base-born daughter Astrid, thus putting King Olav's saintliness to a severe test. It was there too that a Swedish Princess, Margareta the Peace Maiden, came to marry another Norwegian King, Magnus Barefoot, in order to cement the peace so ardently desired by the ravaged border regions.

These and other stories Selma Lagerlöf relates in her *Drottningar i Kungahälla* (1899) (*Queens at Kungahälla*). It is a woman's reconstruction of saga times. Where Snorre dismisses a small campaign with the curt words, "The King harried and burned and in this way went through all the settlements," her sympathetic insight reveals how the event affected the common people who asked only to live in peace in their humble homes. The story of Margareta, unlike the others, is written in verse, and gives a beautiful picture of the royal maiden riding through the forest to meet her bridegroom, while the wretched people flock to welcome her and even the very birds and squirrels take part in the universal joy.

In the first work of fiction conceived after the author's removal to Falun, *En Herrgårdssägen* (1899) (*The Story of a Country House*), the action moves between Dalecarlia and Värmland. Her own memories of a deserted Mårbacka lend poignancy to the description of the ruined estate Munkhyttan, where weeds grow in the garden, snakes crawl in the walks, bats inhabit one room of the house while biding their time till they can fill it all, and Mistress Sorrow, a withered old woman with bats' wings underneath her crêpe, drives up to the front door as if she were an ordinary visitor.

The heir to Munkhyttan is an attractive young Uppsala student, Gunnar Hede, who loves his violin better than his studies and his home better than either. To save it, he dons peasant costume and goes out with a pedler's pack, as his grandfather, the founder of the family fortune, had done. All goes well until one autumn when he is trying to

drive a flock of two hundred goats down from Dalecarlia to Värmland to sell them, and is overtaken by an early snowstorm in the Fifty Mile Forest. He not only loses the animals, but the sight of their agony drives him mad. He is not too crazy to carry on his business as a pedler, but he has forgotten that he ever lived any other life, and his terror of all animals makes him the butt of rough jokes.

Gunnar Hede is saved and brought back to his real self by a young girl, Ingrid Berg, whom he befriended when she was a starry-eyed waif going about with strolling acrobats. Miss Lagerlöf has herself told the German critic Walter Berendsohn that in writing the book she had in mind the old fairy tale motif of the bewitched Prince who has been turned into an animal and is saved by the love of a young girl. In spite of the somber theme, the story preserves an idyllic tone throughout. It is a love story of delicate and frangible beauty, although the strolling players add an almost Dickensian element of comedy. *En Herrgårdssägen* is second only to *Gösta Berling's Saga* in the favor of the Swedish reading public.

The love of home, which is such a persistent theme in Selma Lagerlöf's writings, appears again, this time in a clash with religious enthusiasm, in her next work, the double novel *Jerusalem I, I dalarna* (1901) and *Jerusalem II, I det heliga landet* (1902). The story was suggested by an event that had taken place shortly before the author came to Falun and had attracted much attention. In Nås parish, in Dalecarlia, a group of families, under the influence of a revivalist from Chicago, had banded themselves together, sold their farms, and emigrated to Jerusalem where they joined an American colony established there some years earlier. On her trip to the Holy Land Miss Lagerlöf had visited the American colony and talked with its members. Around this core of fact she built up her story. The original of the Ingmar Farm is Tipers in Sveden, although the reality is somewhat less magnificent than the novel. It was not her purpose to describe realistically, but to sublimate the traditions and the ideals of the community.

The conservative nature of the Dalecarlian peasants is evident to the most casual traveler in such outward signs as the picturesque local costumes, the traditional style of building, and the old-fashioned strip-farming which has persisted here longer than any other place. The various religious movements are seen in the frequency of chapels and meeting-houses where people seek a more personal religion than they can find in the established church. The "Zion" of the schoolmaster in *Jerusalem* has many counterparts in reality.

To represent the conserving forces, love of home, respect for tradi-

tion, and attachment to inherited soil, Selma Lagerlöf chose a family which had held a leading position in the parish for hundreds of years, the Ingmarssons of Ingmar Farm. With subtle art she gives us their background in the opening chapter, where "Little" Ingmar Ingmarsson is following the plough one bright summer morning and imagines himself laying a problem of right and wrong before his father. He fancies himself transported to a heaven in which the Ingmarssons, the oldest going back to heathen times, are leading the same lives as they had led on earth, tilling the soil, raising cattle, and settling things in family meetings. A whole flock of them are sitting ranged against the walls of the big living-room, and all have the rough-hewn faces and sandy hair of the Ingmarssons.

When Ingmar asks his father for a word in private, the father answers that "these are only relatives." But nevertheless he leads Little Ingmar out into the kitchen, and there the young man tells his father, and incidentally the reader, what it is all about. His betrothed has killed their child because he postponed their wedding—he could not afford to hold both a funeral ale and a wedding in one year, and he thought it no harm since the banns had been called. Now she is about to come home after serving her prison sentence, and he wonders whether he shall marry her.

The father goes back to the living-room to consult with the other Ingmarssons about this difficult problem, and does not come back. But in telling his story young Ingmar has found his own answer. He marries the girl, and this action, which he thought would bring on him the contempt of the whole parish so that he couldn't show his face, actually makes him respected. "Little" Ingmar becomes Big Ingmar—the Ingmar Ingmarsson of his generation. His family has not won its position and held it so long because its members have never done wrong, but because they have a moral strength that enables them to come back. It is with the son of this Ingmar that the story is chiefly concerned.

Big Ingmar has been gathered to his fathers, and the farm is in the hands of his oldest daughter Karin and her husband Tims Halvor when the religious movement comes to their parish. A revivalist, a Swede returned from Chicago, urges them to leave their country, which will soon be consumed by the wrath of the Almighty, and save themselves like a brand from the burning. He wants them to join the American colony in Jerusalem, where he has already conducted a group of Swedish Americans. The Dalecarlian peasants, so practical and hard-headed in worldly things, and yet so susceptible to religious enthusiasm, believe implicitly that God is calling them. Each and every one of them hears

God's voice, and, this once accepted, they apply their literalness to spiritual matters.

Among the leaders in the little group are Karin Ingmarsdotter and her husband Halvor, a splendid type of Swedish peasant. As the brethren have all things in common, and the wealthier must help the poorer, it is incumbent on Karin and Halvor to sell the farm in order to finance the emigration. Karin's young brother Ingmar wants to buy it, but has not enough cash. The auction on the Ingmar Farm is one of the most humanly gripping scenes Selma Lagerlöf has ever described. Young Ingmar stands in the courtyard, watching the furnishings of his home scattered, the home itself passing from him forever, the old servants crouching at his feet as if imploring the help he is powerless to give; and in his misery he, too, like his father, commits a dishonorable act. He is engaged to the Schoolmaster's Gertrude, but gives her up to marry Barbro Svendsdotter, whose father offers to buy the farm and give it to his daughter as a dowry provided Ingmar will marry her.

Does Selma Lagerlöf sympathize with the Dalecarlians who sold their farms and abandoned their nearest relatives to go to Jerusalem? There is tremendous dignity in Karin's retort when some one says to her, "Folks think it strange"—and Karin cuts her short with, "The Lord, too, would think it strange if we held back anything we had offered in His Name." And there is even greater impressiveness in Karin's answer, some months later, when her husband and youngest child and many of her friends have succumbed to the climate of Jerusalem, and the question of letting all the Swedes go back to their own country is seriously considered. Then Karin, hardly able to stand for weakness, rises to say, "It was the voice of God that called us to Jerusalem; has anyone heard the voice of God command us to return?"

But though she does full justice to the Jerusalem-farers, there is no doubt that the author's heart is with those who stay behind. This is expressed with her own inimitable charm in the story of Hök Matts Ericsson. The kindly old peasant is about to sell his farm in order to go to Jerusalem with his son Gabriel. They are on their way to sign the deed, but unfortunately they have to go through the whole length of the parish where everybody is busy with the spring work. The old man's thoughts turn to fertilizers and new agricultural machines and to all that he had meant to do if he had not decided to sell. The son is gently trying to lead his thoughts back to Sharon and Jerusalem, and the father answers with an absent-minded "Amen" or "Hallelujah" now and then. But when he is confronted with the deed of sale he remembers that the last time he put his name to a legal document was thirty-

one years ago when God had given him the bit of barren land which his labor has now converted into a fine farm. Nevertheless he takes the pen and writes his first name "for the sake of my faith and my soul's salvation," and he writes his second name "for the sake of my son Gabriel so that I shall not lose the dear, good lad."

"'But this,' he thought, as he moved the pen for the third time, 'why do I write this?' Then all at once his hand began to move as of itself, up and down the page, leaving great black streaks upon the hateful document. 'This I do because I am an old man and must go on tilling the soil—go on ploughing and sowing in the place where I have always worked and slaved.'"

When I ventured to ask Miss Lagerlöf whether she had put herself into any of her characters, she answered with a slow smile, "Yes, to some extent, more in the men than in the women—Ingmar Ingmarsson, that drudge. . . ." When I reread the book with this in mind, I saw how, in the big, taciturn young farmer, the love of home takes on almost feminine forms. His grief at the thought of losing the Ingmar Farm is her own grief at losing Mårbacka, and his feeling himself the inheritor of family traditions that he must live up to is her own feeling toward the Lagerlöfs that had been there before her. Indeed, after reading the last of her autobiographical works I am sure that her youth knew the sullen-sensitive withdrawal which was Ingmar's answer to those who hurt him, and perhaps she was also with him in spirit when he clenched his fist and said, "We Ingmars are noted for getting what we want."

It would not do, of course, to strain such parallels, but it is at least quite clear that Miss Lagerlöf has made Ingmar her spokesman. It is he who infuses healthy



Dalecarlians in Jerusalem in the Early Days of the Colony

life into the Jerusalem colony and corrects what is morbid in it. Ingmar has gone out to Jerusalem for the sake of Gertrude. Under the shock of disappointed love, her religion has taken on pathological forms, and the rumor reaches Sweden that she is losing her mind. Barbro insists that she and Ingmar must be divorced and that he must go out to Jerusalem, bring Gertrude back, and marry her. Ingmar succeeds in curing Gertrude by the drastic means of showing her that the man whom she had taken to be Christ was only a vulgar dancing dervish, but he comes no nearer to winning her for himself. Meanwhile he finds other things to do.

The colonists have lived through the first terrible months and have settled down to a routine life, but they are listless and dispirited. They miss their accustomed work, and there is no spur to their energies or ambitions. The Americans do their thinking for them, and most of the preaching and public praying. They are forbidden to take payment for their work, and have to sit idle while their resources are dwindling. Ingmar convinces Mrs. Gordon, the leader of the colony, that there is nothing wrong in taking honest pay for honest work—and at any rate he himself is not a member of the colony and can do as he pleases. He starts a flour mill, cultivates vineyards and grain fields, buys a fine team of horses, and so on. The Swedes are happy, and soon the Americans



The American Colony in Jerusalem

follow their example in their own way. Ingmar even points out to Mrs. Gordon that they would avoid slander if they would allow the young members of the colony to marry. Selma Lagerlöf's own opinions are plain enough in all this. She believes in the life of service to which the colonists had dedicated themselves, but she has no use for asceticism or fanaticism.

Ingmar's marital difficulties are settled—and the issue of divorce avoided—by an almost too ingenious train of circumstances. Gertrude has turned her heart to Gabriel and becomes engaged to him. Ingmar discovers that he really loves his wife, who has loved him from the beginning, and who is far better fitted than Gertrude to carry on the Ingmar traditions. He remains outside the band of brethren at Jerusalem, but believes they have a mission to perform, and looks eagerly to see how the Lord will use them to further His ends.

This is exactly what Selma Lagerlöf herself does. At the Ecumenical Conference in Stockholm, in 1925, she spoke of the colony as a Christian effort in which she had faith, and emphasized especially its striving after unity. It may be mentioned here that the American colony still exists and some of the original Swedish members are still with it. During the World War nothing was heard from them, and their relatives were afraid the colony had been wiped out, but afterwards it was learned that it had done a splendid charitable work, often feeding hundreds of people every day.

In style and method of approach *Jerusalem* is as different from *Gösta Berling's Saga* as Dalecarlian peasants are different from Värmland cavaliers. It is



The Larssons, Two of the Original Colonists in Jerusalem, from a Recent Photograph

written with a sobriety and restraint that fits the subject, and sometimes there is a suggestion of the folk tale. In spite of the virtuosity of the second part, called *The Holy City* in the English version, most readers will probably agree with me in preferring the first part, where the Dal River winds slowly and majestically through the broad, level valley. It is inevitable that the part where the people are still living their natural lives in their own environment should have both more artistic unity and a more intimate appeal. It is generally held, I believe, by Scandinavian critics that *Jerusalem* plumbs the depths of the Northern folk soul as it has never been done by the author before or since and rarely if ever by any author.

Miss Lagerlöf's visit to Jerusalem resulted also in a collection of eleven tales entitled *Kristuslegender* (1904) (*Christ Legends*). The volume begins with a story told her when she was a small child by her grandmother, who she says first implanted in her mind a love of the stories about Jesus. The others are said to have been collected in the East, although it is evident that they have been reconstructed in her fervid imagination. Several of them deal with the childhood of Jesus and describe the tender bond between Him and nature. Selma Lagerlöf is one of the few authors who can let their imagination play on sacred subjects without grating on the sensibilities of a Bible lover. She has evidently allowed the realities of the stories to sink deep into her mind, and when she retells them, even though she adds something of her own, it never confuses the original image. The legends, like the second part of *Jerusalem*, contain some vivid and entrancing pictures of the Holy Land.

In the dozen years following the appearance of *Jerusalem* Miss Lagerlöf wrote, besides *Christ Legends*, the Nils Holgersson books describing Sweden for school children; some autobiographical accounts beginning with *En saga om en saga* (*The Story of a Story*); a number of short stories, and several short novels.

Among the latter, the first in point of time is *Herr Arnes penningar* (1904) (*The Treasure*). Here Selma Lagerlöf uses the harsh, forbidding nature of the west coast in winter as a background for a gruesome tale of murder and reprisal. The sixteenth century atmosphere is reproduced with great skill in the opening scene. The Lutheran pastor Sir Arne, a patriarch of ninety, and a chieftain as a man needed to be in those troubled times after the Reformation, is sitting at the head of his table with all his household: the aged wife; the young curate, pale and harassed after his studies in Wittenberg; the ancient servants, and two young girls, foster children of the old couple. Though the pastor is the

owner of a great money chest which stands at the foot of the bed, the house is in the simple old-fashioned peasant style. The servants eat silently, for food is the gift of God not to be partaken of lightly—an authentic touch which shows how well Selma Lagerlöf knows her peasants.

The approach of something fearful is felt when the old mistress suddenly lifts a trembling hand to her ear and says, "Why are they whetting knives at Branchög?" Branchög is too distant for any sound to have reached her in a natural way, but an hour later the house is entered by three ruffians with long knives who demand money of Sir Arne and, when the old man reaches for his sword instead, murder him and all his household except one, the young girl Elsalil who has hidden behind the oven.

Actually the murderers, who masquerade as journeymen tanners, are the leaders of a Scotch mercenary band, who have incurred the suspicion of the Swedish King, and have had to flee for their lives. Elsalil does not recognize the murderers in the three fine gentlemen who accost her as she is cleaning fish in the market place of Marstrand a few days later. Once in a while she sees a gleam of something wolfish in Sir Archie's face, but she forgets it when he makes love to her. Then her dead foster sister begins to take a hand in the action.

The wraith of the dead girl is brought in with consummate skill. Like a gray shadow she glides by the side of Elsalil. Sometimes she makes her presence known only by bloody footprints in the snow. She takes a place as dishwasher in the tavern where the Scotchmen are staying, and when the landlady takes the washed plates from her hand she feels a ghostly chill emanating from them. Sir Archie senses her presence, but does not see her. He begins to feel remorse, and resolves to make up by kindness to Elsalil what he has sinned against the dead maid. But Elsalil's love cannot save Sir Archie. The crime that stands between them is too terrible. For once Miss Lagerlöf resists the temptation to let love and goodness triumph and allows the story to work itself out to the inevitable tragic close. It gains in power thereby.

Another short novel is *Tösen från Stormyrtorpet* (*The Girl from the Marsh Croft*). Miss Lagerlöf might have given this book the same subtitle that Hardy gave his story of Tess, "The Story of a Pure Woman," but she does not, like Hardy, wrap her heroine around with explanations and apologies to the reader. She accepts quite simply the fact that Helga has gone wrong, but does not regard that fact as final. A very young girl, the child of poor crofters, Helga has been seduced by a married man, the master of the house where she has taken service.

She is a pathetic little creature as she appears in court, ashamed and frightened, forced to sue the father of her child for support because she has no other means of subsistence. But when she sees him step forward to swear on the Bible that he is not the father, all her other fears give way to the overmastering horror that he is about to perjure himself and so lose his immortal soul. With a wild cry she tears the Bible out of his hands and declares that she withdraws the suit.

This court scene, originally written as a short story, is by far the most powerful part of the book, but it is pleasant to read the continuation, to see how Helga's unselfish act reinstates her in the respect of her little world, how she blossoms out again under the influence of kindness, and how she finally marries a young farmer's son who has learned to love her for the genuine goodness of her nature. Helga has a delicate and individual charm and is indeed one of the most lovable of Selma Lagerlöf's young heroines.

With *The Girl from the Marsh Croft* Miss Lagerlöf returns to a Värmland background. We feel the difference at once, in the lighter touch and the more volatile atmosphere, in the people who are more lively and temperamental than the sober and stately Dalecarlians. Miss Lagerlöf had at this time repurchased the house at Mårbacka and had begun to spend a part of each year there. We see the rush of old memories in her novel *Liljecronas hem* (1911) (*Liljecrona's Home*) which is not among her strongest works considered as fiction, but is interesting for the light it throws on her antecedents and forebears.

Körkarlen (1912) is not localized except in so far as the action takes place in a small Swedish town where the Salvation Army has recently opened a station. "Körkarlen" is the one who drives the cart of Death, and according to an old legend this dreadful office must be assumed by any one who dies on New Year's night. As usual in Selma Lagerlöf the supernatural is made to serve in furthering good against evil. The driver of the death cart picks up David Holm one New Year's night, where he has fallen unconscious after a drunken brawl, and carries him first to the deathbed of the little Salvation Army lassie Sister Edith whose death he has caused; then to prison where the brother whom he has corrupted lies at the point of death; then to his own home where his wife is about to poison herself and their children. But when he awakes again where he had fallen, David Holm is a changed man, ready to take up the burden of life and do good where he has done evil. The compelling power that has transformed him is the unselfish love of Sister Edith, and undoubtedly the author's purpose has been to show that love if great enough can reach even one who has fallen to the lowest depths.

It is a book of unrelieved somberness.

Kejsarn av Portugallien (1914) (*The Emperor of Portugallia*) on the other hand, though not without tragedy, has all the brightness and mellow sweetness of Selma Lagerlöf at her best. The Värmland atmosphere is very marked. The familiar places, Lövdala manor, Svartsjö church, Lake Löwen and the pier below Borg, are part of the background. In fact the poor mad crofter who goes about decked in medals of gilt paper and decorations of tinsel was a familiar local character whom the author had seen as a child. I do not know whether his real nature or history in any way suggested the story, which is that of a father and daughter. The insignificant

crofter of Ruffluck Croft is glorified, lifted up into another sphere, when he and his wife in their old age become the parents of a lovely little girl. As he feels the soft little bundle in his arms he is for the first time in his life conscious that he has a beating heart. A series of short chapters each relate an incident in the life of the little girl, how she is christened, vaccinated, examined by the minister, how her father carries her to Christmas matins or to call on relatives. There is a peculiar tenderness and intimacy in the story, something that steals gently around the heart, even while we laugh at its absurdities.

Trouble comes when the old master of the farm dies and the new owner questions Jan's right to Ruffluck Croft, which is precious to him chiefly because Glory Goldie has been a baby there. The girl offers to go to Stockholm and earn money to pay for it, but she does not come back, and everybody but Jan knows that she has "gone wrong" in the



Selma Lagerlöf in 1909

city. In his longing for her he becomes mad, imagining himself the father of an Empress. But underneath his foolish fancies old Jan has a mysterious wisdom which does not come from his muddled head but from his heart, and it is this wisdom of love which finally saves his daughter.

During the years of the World War Selma Lagerlöf wrote only one long work of fiction, *Bannlyst* (1918) (*The Outcast*), which will be treated in another article together with her various writings occasioned by the war. Two collections of short stories, sketches, and addresses entitled *Troll och menniskor* (*Trolls and Human Folk*) appeared in 1915 and 1921. If Selma Lagerlöf's fame did not rest so securely upon her great novels she would have been known as one of the most distinguished short story writers in the Scandinavian North. She has a rare faculty for seizing the essential feature of an event or an episode and presenting it with epic simplicity. The great variety in her choice of themes was evident in her very first volume of short stories, *Invisible Links*, a title which seems to have been suggested by the chain that bound the Fenris Wolf in Norse mythology, which was made of "the noise of a cat's footfall, the beard of a woman, the roots of a rock, the sinews of a bear, the breath of a fish, and the spittle of a bird." Some of her short stories deal with primitive times in Sweden, some with modern life, some are legends of saints, some have an element of historical truth, others are pure fiction. In discussing the wide range of her intuition, Oscar Levertin writes that, while he has never liked the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, he is almost compelled to believe in it when he reads the works of Selma Lagerlöf, who seems to know the most strange and secret impulses of woman's soul although her own life has been so quiet and retiring.

"Truly she has been an ice-gray vala in the prehistoric past seeing through the storm; a ravished Princess thirsting for life; a self-torturing nun in a cloister; a sorceress, saint, witch, and female slave, and many other things. The glow, wisdom, and mirth of half-forgotten existences fill her stories with their mighty sum of experience, and with the strange murmurs of distant ages and ruined cities."

With *Mårbacka* (1922) Miss Lagerlöf began her series of autobiographical books. In a recent interview she said that she thought imagination flowed more sparingly in old age and that for the future she would devote herself to her memoirs. But there is certainly no lack of imagination in the Lövensköld Cycle which was completed in her seventieth year and stands as the last in her long series of works of fiction extending over almost forty years.

The Lövensköld Cycle is a trilogy in which the first part is a ghost

story from the time of Charles XII, *Löwensköldske ringen* (1925) (*The General's Ring*). Two long novels, *Charlotte Löwensköld* (1925) and *Anna Svärd* (1928), deal with the general's descendants. The founder of the family was a peasant who was ennobled by the hero King for services in the wars. He owned a ring given him by the King which he valued so highly that he wanted to have it buried with him. But to the poor impoverished people of that time the ring represented fabulous wealth, and on one occasion when the family vault had been opened, a poor peasant yielded to the temptation of stealing the treasure. Instantly calamities began to fall upon him and his family. But not only that. The stolen ring seemed to have power to turn both the living and the dead into revengeful fiends, and the general's vengeance struck even those who had unknowingly come into possession of the ring. Three innocent men were hanged, but then vengeance began to turn back on the Löwenskölds who had exacted this punishment. The general's ghost is finally laid when the ring is found and returned to his grave. But still vengeance goes on.

As one cannot believe that Selma Lagerlöf wrote this only to concoct a goose-flesh thriller, it would seem that she has meant to show how evil breeds evil, and vengeance leads to more vengeance. In the second and third part of the trilogy the evil genius of the later Löwenskölds is the insignificant and unattractive Thea Sundler whose power seems inexplicable until we learn that she is the instrument of revenge which does not stop before it has exacted a life for a life.

In *The General's Ring* the author reconstructs the familiar scenes of Broby and Bro church as they must have been in the stern times of Charles XII. In *Charlotte Löwensköld* we are back in the manors and parsonages that we know from *Gösta Berling's Saga*. The time is about the same, the 'twenties and 'thirties of the nineteenth century, but the youthful glamour and golden haze of that first work of her genius are gone. The treatment is much more realistic, the outlines clearer and sharper, the language terser and quicker. In spite of the baleful influence of the fatal ring, this book and the following have less of the mystic and supernatural than almost any other work by the author. Charlotte herself is of the sisterhood of Marienne Sinclair and Anna Stjernhök, perhaps most akin to the latter, but her picture is more worked out in detail. She is a singularly vital person, one of Miss Lagerlöf's most delightful heroines—"when Charlotte was in the room it was difficult to think of anything but what she was doing." She is engaged to her cousin, the young curate Karl Arthur Ekenstedt—both descendants of the old general—and has told him that she is willing to share his poverty

if he thinks his duty lies that way. But he meanly suspects her of stalling in order to find an opportunity of marrying her wealthy suitor Schagerström. After a passionate quarrel, he rushes out declaring that he will put his fate in God's hand and marry the first woman he meets. After some narrow escapes he encounters a young Dalecarlian woman, Anna Svärd. She is beautiful and of substantive character, and has plenty of native wit and shrewdness, though she can neither read nor write. Karl Arthur marries her. Charlotte marries Schagerström.

Although the two novels bear the names of two women, and though Karl Arthur's mother, Fru Beata Ekenstedt, engages our interest fully as much as Charlotte or Anna, the central figure is the young man whom all these three women love. In some respects he resembles Gösta Berling, in his beauty and charm, his power of inspiring affection, his visionary eloquence, and the emotionalism that swings between exaltation and despair. But Gösta Berling has the one thing that redeems all his faults, the power of unselfish love. Karl Arthur lacks it, and therefore all his virtues are sterile. Again and again in her earlier works Selma Lagerlöf has shown the saving power of love and kindness. In Karl Arthur she shows us the obverse side of the picture. He is in his way sincerely religious, but his sacrifices are made not for the sake of doing good but with a view to attaining a peculiar holiness for himself. His inability to love makes him stupid, and he spoils the lives of all whose affections are bound up with him. Finally he ruins his own life.

The other characters in the book have this gift which Karl Arthur lacks. His mother is the undisputed queen in the lively society of the residential city Karlstad. At first we think the spell she casts is due to her wit and grace, but as her character unfolds we see that it really springs from her own power of loving. Charlotte has this gift, and it makes her youthful charms irresistible. Schagerström has it, and it enables the plain, rather awkward man to win Charlotte away from the fascinating Karl Arthur.

It sometimes comes to one almost with a sense of surprise that Selma Lagerlöf, whose imagination has so often played around the mystic and the exalted, has in reality such a simple, almost downright view of life. In *The Miracles of Antichrist* she said in effect that if anyone loved man he must of necessity love God. In the Lövensköld Cycle she shows in the person of Karl Arthur that no one can love Christ if he does not love his fellow men. This message of love is the flame she has carried from her first book to her last one, as the Crusader in one of her own stories carries the flame from the Holy Sepulchre to his home church in Florence.

Modern Glass and Silver in Norway

BY KNUT GREVE

THE VERY abundance of fine old Norwegian folk art has sometimes acted as an obstacle to the objective appreciation of our modern art industry. We have been able to look back proudly upon an inherited culture expressed in an art that has rarely been equalled either in its imaginative coloring or in its sense of form.

Perhaps one reason for the wealth of folk art has been that Norway down to quite recent times lacked cities with large economic resources. The rustic genius had nothing to gain by leaving the country in order to try to make a living in the city. The activities of such gifted men were therefore confined within the narrow boundaries of their home parish, but the result was that these country communities witnessed an artistic flowering that is unique and will always be a source of pride and gratification to Norwegians. With this inheritance before their eyes, people set a high standard and made exacting demands which it was not easy to meet. They expected distinction throughout, and did not understand that the art industry of the new city communities had to feel its way slowly in order to create a tradition and a firm foundation to build on. Moreover, the cities in Norway—as also in America—grew up in a time of transitions so violent that the old tradition lost its power, and bad taste could flourish without let or hindrance.

For these two reasons modern applied art had difficulty in becoming recognized by the citizens of its own country. Their minds were fixed so exclusively on what was artistically excellent in the folk art that everything else seemed imperfect. It is only in the last few years that it has been possible to budge this old prejudice a little by means of frequent and extensive exhibitions. People are beginning to understand that there has grown up in the cities an art industry which in many ways can hold its own with the folk art and which bears the same national stamp: imaginative coloring and sure sense of form.

The two branches in which success was first attained were silver and glass. Nor was this to be wondered at, for here we had a good old tradition to build on. Silver has always been highly valued in Norway. In the past a man's wealth could best be measured by the number of silver articles he possessed. Great heavy silver cups were his chief treasure.

The renaissance of the art of the silversmith came from a single firm, Jakob Tostrup, established in Oslo in 1832. Through several generations



Teapot and Coffeepot Designed by Jakob Prytz, Tostrup



A Design by Jakob Prytz, Tostrup

Candlestick from David Andersen



Glasses Designed by Sverre Pettersen, Hadeland Glass Works



Cups Presented at the Regatta of the Royal Norwegian Yacht Club on Its Fiftieth Anniversary, 1933. Designed by Sverre Pettersen

this house has adhered to a high artistic standard and in the midst of shifting tendencies of taste has been able to keep a sure balance in its treatment of form. It was not by chance that when, in 1912, the Association of Norwegian Goldsmiths established a school for the artistic training of journeymen, it chose as head of the institution Jakob Tostrup Prytz, one of the present leaders of the firm, a man who as a teacher has had a decisive influence on modern Norwegian art industry. Side by side with the house of Tostrup and equal to it we have now the firm of David Andersen which employs a number of very capable young silversmiths.

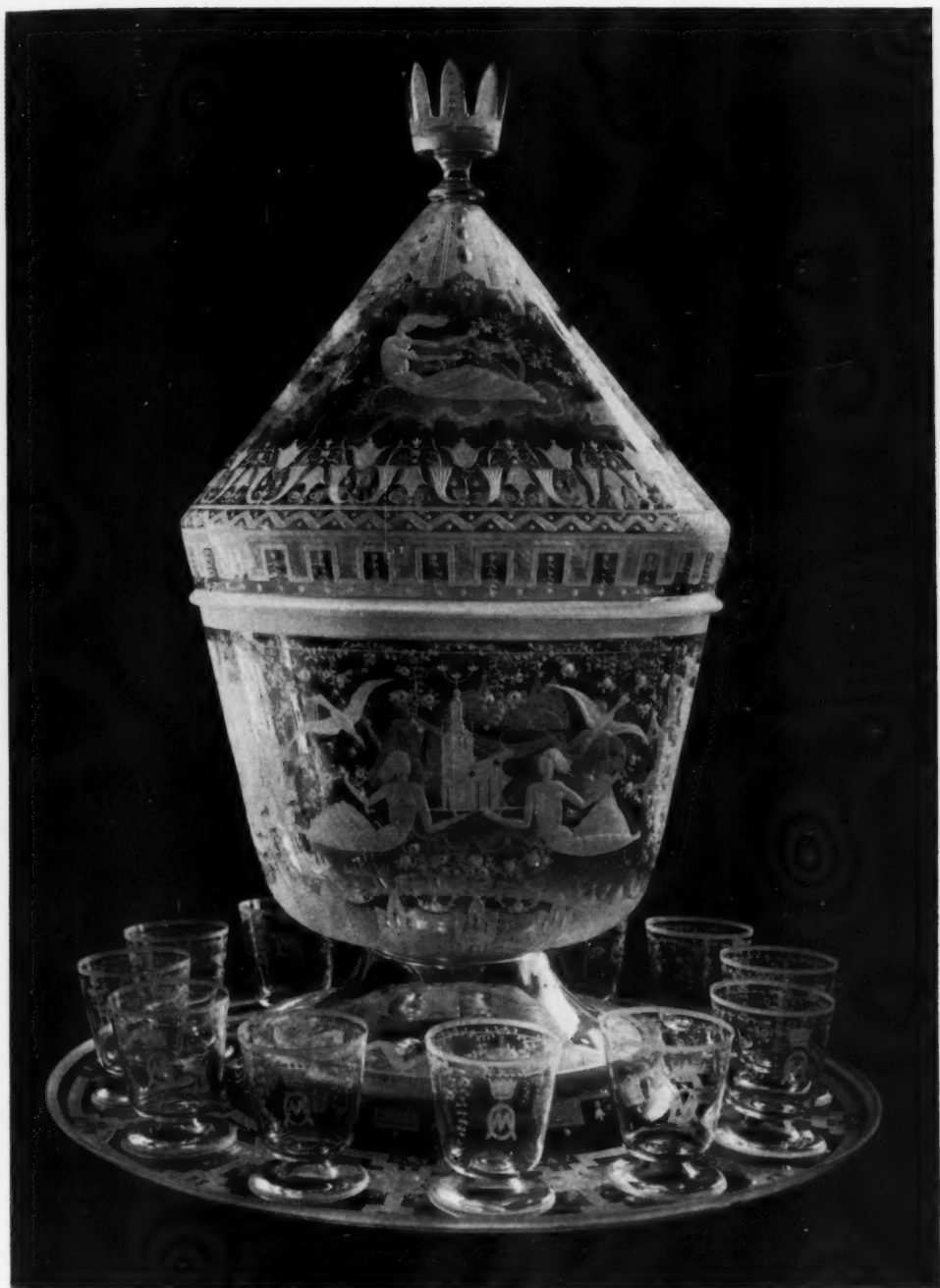
Norwegian glass had to wait longer for its renaissance. It was not until Sverre Pettersen

was engaged, in 1928, as artistic director of Norway's only glass works, Hadelands Glasverk, that the revival took place. Sverre Pettersen is without doubt Norway's most many-sided artist. His activity embraces most of the branches of art industry. His chief strength is his deep respect for the needs of the various materials and his ability to combine artistic imagination with a knowledge of the requirements of modern manufacturing technique.

It is in these two branches then, silver and glass, that modern artistic tendencies first asserted themselves, and the renewal came so clearly and decisively that no one could help acknowledging it. To begin with,



A Gift from Norsk Hydro to Director General Aubert. Glass Designed by Sverre Pettersen



A Wedding Present to the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Norway. Designed by Sverre Pettersen

the admission was made a little unwillingly, but later with pride and gratification. Artistic triumphs in these branches created a respect for modern applied art which had formerly been lacking. People understood that the inheritance from rural art had been taken up, and that Norway not only possessed an artistic past but a living and creating present.



Presented to King Haakon on the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of His Accession. Cup Designed by J. Tostrup

A Unique Art Gallery

BY EFRAIM LUNDMARK

Art galleries are too often stuffy places; sandwiched in between city blocks, artificially lighted, they suggest no relation between the canvases on their walls and the free outdoors. Sweden is fortunate in possessing a gallery of a different caliber, the Thiel Gallery near Stockholm. Even the approach keys the mind to receive impressions of an art born of sun and wind. The white road winds through Djurgården, a section of beautiful homes, seen, when the Editor of the REVIEW visited it last September, with its luscious green lightly touched with red, its gardens a riot of dahlias, ageratum, and golden-rod to which the light autumn drizzle seemed only to impart a deeper color as it silvered them with mist. Before us rose a gleaming white building, a palatial home in the best manor style of Sweden, with only the large unbroken wall spaces suggesting the art gallery—for the sunlight that floods the upper story is admitted from above.

It seems particularly suitable that such a house set in natural surroundings should be devoted to art of the period when Scandinavian painters were turning their backs on studios and learning to look nature in the face out of doors. Perhaps most of us will have to plead guilty to being, in regard to art, the kind of "conservative that approves of all reforms except the last one." Certainly in the presence of this art, which once seemed revolutionary, we can enjoy its bright, free, festive charm with a pleasure that we can at least not yet find in the modernistic art which is also represented in the gallery, though more sparingly. The collection is the work of one man who has purchased for himself the works of art he enjoyed and surrounded them lovingly with a perfect setting. This may be one reason why it gives the visitor such a thrill of exquisite pleasure.

PICTORIAL ART in Sweden, as in many other lands, is at present going through an experimental stage. With modern means of communication, new ideas and methods spread rapidly from one country to another, but not all the new styles are adapted to the expression of the national temperament.

In order to find a group of artists working consciously and with clear purpose to create an art in the Swedish spirit we have to go back thirty or forty years. As early as the 'eighties we see artists in their letters expressing their sense of the need of a common national aim in art, but it was not before the 'nineties that their work blossomed out in its full richness and brilliance. Carl Larsson, Karl Nordström, Richard Bergh, and Bruno Liljefors, in painting, and Christian



The Thiel Gallery Near Stockholm

Eriksson in sculpture had their literary counterparts in Gustaf Fröding, Selma Lagerlöf, and Verner von Heidenstam, while they drew inspiration also from the patriotic collections of Artur Hazelius. They strove to create a new art which not only in motif but also in color, form, style, and total conception should be purely Swedish.

The 'nineties and the first years of the new century form a glorious epoch in Swedish art history. Never before had such a genuinely significant landscape art been created in our country. Attention was paid also to the people in the landscape, to the peasants and fishermen on holidays and workdays, to the woman and child in the tranquil home, to the fresh, strong youth in games and matches. A Swedish monumental painting also arose; frescoes on the ceilings and walls of theaters, museums, and schools tell yet today the story of this period of artistic greatness.

Fortunately there were art lovers who had the will and the means to support the new movement. About 1900 the banker, Ernest Thiel, began a systematic collection of painting and sculpture. It grew so rapidly that he found it necessary to have a special gallery for it built at Djurgården in Stockholm. The architect Ferdinand Boberg designed this palace of art which was completed in 1905. A year later Thiel was forced to add a wing.

It was his intention that the collections should comprise mainly

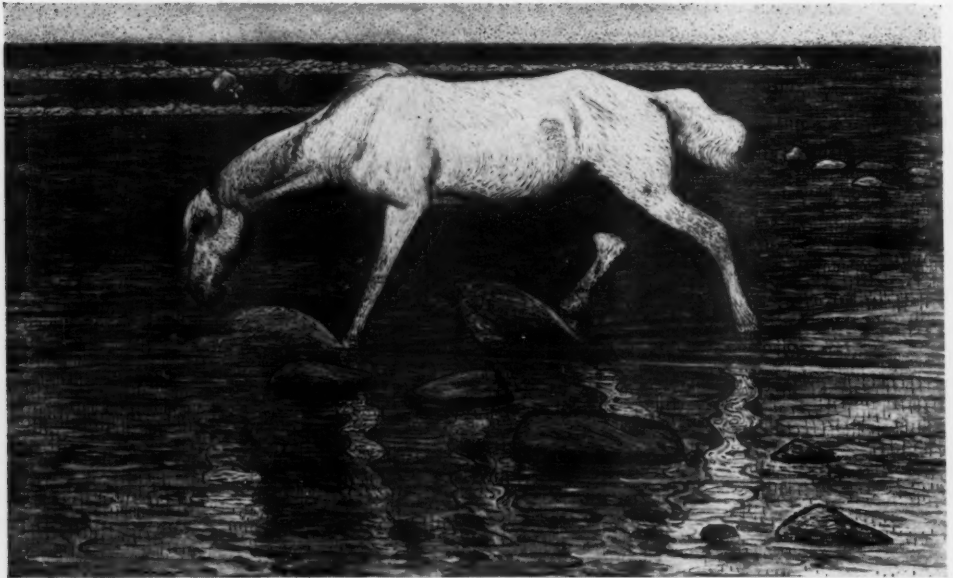


A Room in the Thiel Gallery

Swedish art from the period around the turn of the century. But we find here also representative masterpieces by Danish, Norwegian, and French artists. Any person who wishes to become more closely acquainted with the development of modern Scandinavian art will find here a collection of painting unique for that purpose. Indeed it is impossible to make a thorough study of the work of such painters as Liljefors, Nordström, Eugen Jansson, Kreuger, Carl Wilhelmson, Edvard Munch, and others without visiting the Thiel Gallery.

It is of course important that such a collection should not be scattered. In order to preclude such an eventuality, the Swedish government in 1924 appropriated money for the purchase of the building and works of art. The institution is now administered by a foundation. The present curator is the artist Pelle Swedlund who succeeded the author Tor Hedberg at the latter's death a couple of years ago.

When Thiel founded the gallery, he did not intend that it should become a museum. With nearly four hundred large paintings and numerous pieces of sculpture and several hundred drawings collected together as they are here, it would be very easy for the whole thing



Stony Ground, by Nils Kreuger

to become a museum. As it is arranged now, however, the visitor may come into the rooms and sit down in one of the chairs exactly as though he were there on the private invitation of a magnate possessed of a magnificent home and overflowing hospitality.

We enter first a large hall beautifully furnished with antique furniture and adorned with both old and modern art. We are immediately struck by the fact that there are no signs on the walls to say where one may or may not go, where one is to leave one's coat, etc. We realize that we have entered the hall of a private house and look for the clothes closet ourselves. A stately staircase leads to the upper story with large galleries lit from above.

Entering one of the rooms we are confronted by a large painting by Richard Bergh, *The Knight and the Maiden*. This picture is symbolic of the spirit underlying the national effort of the 'nineties—romanticism. The iron-clad knight represents strength and love of adventure; the delicate maiden, fairy tale and fantasy. Some painters went further along the same road of dreams and sentiments as J. A. G. Acke has done in the large painting *The Forest Temple*. Others, again, retained contact with visible reality. The most distinctive trait of the Swedish temperament is its love of nature, combined with freedom and imagination.

In the same room are a number of paintings by Karl Nordström, the



Eagles and Hare, by Bruno Liljefors

leader of the new school of Swedish landscape painting. Not until he had been home from France for some years did Nordström properly find himself and his style. On clear days the Swedish landscape appears somewhat hard and chill. Hence one often notices that painters who have studied in France, where the hazy sunlit air gives richness to the landscape, when they come home to Sweden, make use of light colors, French fashion, in order to give greater softness and delicacy of shading to the picture. But Nordström, Eugen Jansson, Herman Norrman, and others soon learned that the light of evening and night in the North envelops the landscape in a poetic glamorous veil which is typical of our latitudes.

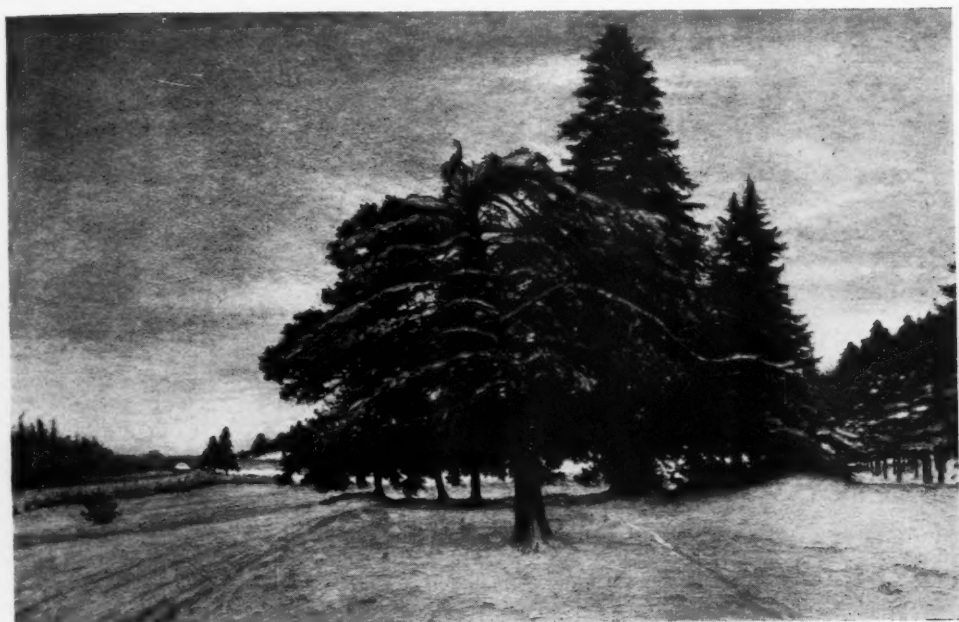
Twilight landscapes, however, cannot easily be painted out of doors. They must be reproduced from memory in the studio. Reality and imagination fuse. Such a synthesis is Prince Eugen's blue-toned *Night Cloud* which has been placed near Bergh's *The Knight and the Maiden*. Another is Nordström's *Midsummer Fires*, one of the most characteristically Swedish works of the period. There are no figures to be seen in this picture, but we sense the presence of the sons and daughters of the countryside within the magic circle of the fires and hear the



Azalea, by Carl Larsson

sound of youthful gladness rising up towards the sky, lighter than the smoke that is gently wafted away on the wind. Both the Prince and Nordström have perpetuated true northern feeling in their paintings.

In the room to the left of the main stairway one whole wall is filled with blue-toned paintings, *Halo, Nocturne, In the Twilight*, and others which have made their painter Eugen Jansson widely famous as the special portrayer of the city of Stockholm. At the beginning of the century Jansson became a figure painter and began using a decorative line style which had already been developed earlier by Bergh, Nordström, and Kreuger parallel with their painting from imagination and their choice of twilight subjects. Even the daylight paintings of Carl Wilhelmson, figures in landscape or interior, have a decorative character which is more apparent in the use of pure colors than in the contours. But the form is not the essential thing, nor yet the coloring. Wilhelmson is a son of the people, he is happiest among his own folk, and he studies them as men and women with a peculiar intellectual and emotional life of their own. He does not degrade his Bohus fishermen and Uppland peasants and their wives to the level of puppets at a show, but exalts them above their heavy toil as heroes and heroines of the race. They

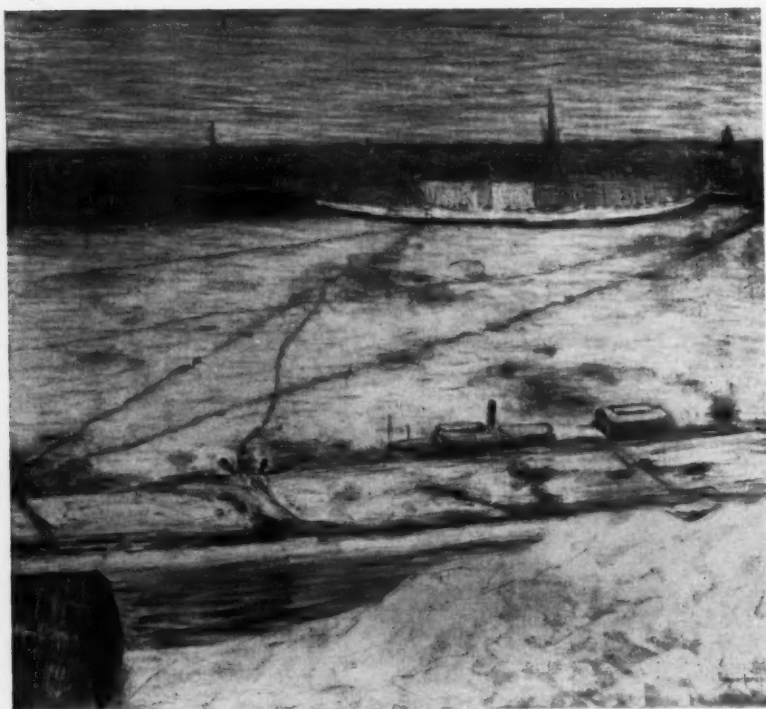


Winter Day at Uggleviken, by Karl Nordström

understand better than other people how to turn the scant hours of rest into holiday and festivity. In his very Swedish canvas, *Saturday Night*, Wilhelmson paints a group of girls who have put on their best dresses at.



Hoar Frost on Ice, by Gustav Fjaestad



Byways, by Eugen Jansson

the end of the week's work and are now on their way to join the gathering of young people. They go to the meeting as though to a high festival.

Carl Larsson and Anders Zorn also painted both landscapes and people, but their types are of a different sort from Wilhelmson's. Larsson's water-color *Azalea*, which apparently might equally well have been called *The Loom*, gives a glimpse into the artist's famous home, where wife, children, servants, flowers, animals, work, and play offered this extremely popular artist most of the subjects with which we are all so familiar from reproductions. "Ach, der muss glücklich zu Hause sein!" said a German looking at Carl Larsson's pictures at an exhibition in Berlin. Zorn is most Swedish when he paints out of door pictures or figures like the fiddle-playing *Hin Anders*. Zorn has perhaps more than any other painter made the Swedish name known in America where a large number of his most famous paintings and etchings are owned.

Perhaps the first thing one notices on entering the third and last large room in the Thiel Gallery is a huge and very unusual piece of



Saturday Night, by Carl Wilhelmson

furniture, a sort of sofa for giants. This, together with the giant table and chairs which go with it, was carved in wood by Gustaf Fjaestad, a versatile man, who painted *Hoar Frost on Ice* and other snow pictures in the gallery, and also composed rugs and tapestries. But one's attention is soon attracted by Eugen Jansson's large paintings of young men bathing or doing gymnastics, by Bruno Liljefors's many animal paintings,

by Axel Törneman's vividly colored *Night Café*, and by the collection of paintings by Edvard Munch on the rear wall.

Liljefors is the Swedish artist who is in closest contact with Nature. None knows her better than he. He has, as much as a human being can, lived with the goldfinches, eagles, eider ducks, swans, hares, and elks which he has time after time portrayed. He knows trees and flowers, the grass of the field and the moss of the mountain, the changing light on the water and the flight of the wind. There are some fifty of his best works in the gallery. No matter what other art may go out of date, Liljefors's animal paintings will always have their public.

In the center of the room is a statue in granite, *The Lapp* by Christian Eriksson, one of our country's most original sculptors. The statue is from the beginning of this century as is indicated both by choice of motif and execution.

The Thiel Gallery has quite a representative collection of Danish and Norwegian art which, aside from the fact that it supplements excellently the not particularly abundant sections from the neighbor-

ing countries in our National Museum, is an effective means of strengthening the feelings of Scandinavian solidarity.

Ernest Thiel, the founder of the gallery, has also made himself known as the translator of Friedrich Nietzsche. This no doubt accounts for his having acquired a portrait of Nietzsche painted by Edvard Munch, the most famous of all Norwegian painters at the turn of the century. Munch is further represented here by a copy of his remarkable picture *The Sick Child*, the large canvas *On the Bridge*, and several other works. A choice collection of his drawings, ninety-six in number, contributes further towards a full and vivid picture of this artist. The Thiel Gallery has the best collection of Munch's work to be found in Sweden.

A number of paintings by Thorvald Erichsen, Christian Krohg, and Fritz Thaulow, together with some pieces of sculpture by Gustav Vigeland, are also singularly illustrative of a remarkable phase in Norwegian art history.

Among the Danish works of art, Vilhelm Hammershøi's large painting *Five Portraits* occupies the place of honor. The picture of the five artist comrades is a deeply serious, penetrating analysis of the Danish psyche which obviously hides deep within it a melancholy sadness.

One meets with a similar introspective brooding in J. F. Willumsen's large head in glazed clay *Reflection*. But the most distinguished work



Five Portraits, by Vilhelm Hammershøi



Three Children, by Edvard Munch

of the great Dane in the gallery is his painting *Mountain in the Sun*, a hymn to Nature in noble, classic form and brilliant—one is tempted to write supernatural—coloring. Like his Norwegian colleague, Willumsen has recently attained the age of seventy, and like him he works constantly and diligently. But both these artists created their masterpieces around the turn of the century, and several of their best canvases are found in the Thiel Gallery to which hundreds of Swedes and foreigners make pilgrimages every Sunday.

Thorvald Stauning, Premier of Denmark

BY JULIUS MORITZEN

IN THE POLITICAL chaos of Europe, the Danish nation has been able to maintain a degree of balance that entitles it to the attention of the world at large. The Social-Democratic Government of Denmark is established on a foundation of cooperation which, in spite of the country's various political parties, nevertheless has united the farmer element and city workers into one patriotic whole which is as exemplary as it has been productive of general prosperity. In that scheme of homogeneity, Thorvald Stauning, the Danish Premier, occupies a foremost place.

The rise of this statesman to the highest office in the land constitutes a lesson in progressive politics which contains all the elements of romance, if such a term may be applied to the career of Premier Stauning. Denmark has had other leaders who have set their mark on the history of the country, but in no instance has there been a more decisive personality who with more care and loyal devotion to the interests of his people has given himself wholly to the task set before him.

Rising directly from the workers' ranks, knowing poverty in early years, aligning himself with the trade union interests, Thorvald Stauning, at the age of thirty-three, was entering the Danish Rigsdag. Within a few years other public duties came his way. From 1912 to 1924 he was a member of the Copenhagen Municipal Council. In the meantime he had entered the Radical Government as minister without portfolio, in which position he remained until 1920.



Prime Minister Stauning

When the Social Democratic party came into power in 1924, Thorvald Stauning became Prime Minister with the portfolio of Trade and Fisheries. But two years later his Government fell, and Stauning returned to parliamentary politics and the task of strengthening and building up the Socialist organization. In this he was so successful that in 1929 he was again able to put his party in power and to resume his place as Prime Minister.

Blessed with a physique that has borne heavy burdens, there is something of the viking nature in this Dane of the Danes. An indefatigable worker, he does not ask anything of his followers that he would not do himself. A ready speaker, his deep-toned voice carries conviction, whether his listeners are political affinities or otherwise. He has the ability, rare in the politician, of retaining friends among all parties.

Premier Stauning is a firm believer in the Labor Union, kept free of elements that would jeopardize the general welfare of the people. He works continually for the improvement of relations between industrial leaders and workers. There have been strikes in Denmark, and some of serious nature, but wherever it has been possible to bring the contending parties together to air their differences, Thorvald Stauning has proven himself an influence for restoring harmony.

Denmark's stand for a reduction in armaments is well known, but there is no intention to neglect defensive measures. Premier Stauning and his Cabinet are watchful that nothing shall be done to endanger relations with neighboring nations, and it has been one of the chief efforts of the Social-Democracy to avoid anything that would cause friction. By doing away with fortifications and a large standing army, the possibilities of provoking an attack from without have been reduced to a minimum.

Premier Stauning's interest in Greenland is proverbial. Repeated visits to that overseas colony of Denmark have convinced him that there is a future for the land and its people with a corresponding benefit to the mother country. In the same way he stands for cooperation with the Kingdom of Iceland which, politically independent, is yet an integral part of the realm. The South Jutland problem was not an easy one to solve, but after the reunion with the mother country, the southern province has been given that attention which is its due after the many years of separation. Premier Stauning is doing all in his power to make the Danish nation realize that there is work to do among the people in North Slesvig, now once more under the Danish flag.

Drama with a Purpose

BY EINAR SKAVLAN

IN THE THREE Northern countries, as everywhere else, the theaters are complaining of smaller and smaller audiences, less and less income. What is the reason for this? First and foremost, the competition from the films, which have lower prices and, moreover, are so arranged that people can both hear and see clearly from every seat in the house. If a clever optician could make an invention so that the audience in a theater could suddenly for a moment see the faces of the actors on a large scale, like the close-ups of the films, I wonder if then the indifference of the great public to the drama would not vanish. The emanation of personality which is the advantage of the stage over the living photographs on the screen would always count for something, provided one could hear and see just as plainly in the theater as at the film.

But when the competition is so keen, the theaters naturally attempt to find new ways to reach the public, not simply in order to make money, but first and foremost because drama is so valuable an art and so important a means of disseminating culture that it must not be allowed to die. One of these new ways, in the North as in other countries, is an extension of the technique of the stage so that it can give a jaded modern audience something more exciting than a sitting-room where people are exchanging wise or beautiful thoughts. There is in our day a restlessness and dissolution, and at the same time a wealth of new creation, comparable to the Renaissance itself. The drama of Shakespeare did not content itself with sensible conversation in a sitting-room; it burst through the action, splitting it up into episodes, shifting from one place to another—a multitude of impressions and

sensations not unlike the film of today. Perhaps this form of dramatic art might be especially suited to the mentality of our time and ought to be used more by the modern theater. And perhaps the tendency, the purpose, of a play would be made more effective by a more plainly controversial form of art.

These are the problems with which the modern theater is confronted. In Europe the German drama before Hitler, and still more the Russian drama, has entered upon these new paths. In Norway the theaters have attempted a few such foreign dramas, and especially the American dramatist O'Neill has appeared to us a pioneer in the new ways.

Among the authors of the North, attempts have been made to create new forms for the drama. In Sweden August Strindberg, in the last few years of his life, suggested innovations; his gifted countryman, Pär Lagerkvist, has continued this development on a wholly original personal foundation. In Norway the young author Nordahl Grieg has attempted something of the same, and in Denmark a new play, *Circus Juris* by Sven Borberg, which last winter was performed at the Royal Theater in Copenhagen, also tries to break through the old forms of the stage in order to create new ones.

Among the theatrical productions which have had the greatest significance here in Norway in the past season, the plays by Pär Lagerkvist and Nordahl Grieg must be mentioned as the first. The very form of production has been new, inspired in the first instance by the distinguished Swedish stage director, Per Lindberg. It was also Lindberg who staged Borberg's *Circus Juris* in Copenhagen. He is one of the foremost pioneers



Nordahl Grieg

of modern drama in the world—a sign of enthusiasm and of contradiction.

Per Lindberg's greatest achievement was the staging of Pär Lagerkvist's *Bödeln* (*The Hangman*) first on the National Stage in Bergen, then in Stockholm, and then here in Oslo at the National Theater. At both the Norwegian theaters *Bödeln* became the greatest theatrical event of the season, a presentation in the highest degree gripping, modern both in content and form, unforgettable by anyone who saw it.

Originally *Bödeln* was written as a short story, but with very small changes Lagerkvist made it into a modern drama. Pär Lagerkvist, who in his early work seemed a visionary and a dreamer, has been hardened and tempered by the terrible events of our age, the World War, the Hitler dictatorship, and he has become not only a dramatic portrayer of humanity, but also an agitator, not for any particular policy, but for a pacifist humanitarianism. *Bödeln* is his strongest work along these lines. It is a scorching anathema over the bloodthirstiness and the spir-

itual tyranny of our day. At the same time it is raised to world-historic drama by demonstrating the ghastly likeness between the mental tendency of our time and the superstitions of the Middle Ages with their belief in the power of evil.

The first act takes place in a dimly lighted tavern in medieval times where ignorant and simple workingmen are sitting around the table drinking and, with mingled horror and fascination, telling each other gruesome tales of gallows hill and of the magic power of healing which evil had, the secret potency in the blood of a man who had fallen under the executioner's axe and in the chopped-off fingers of the one who had been hanged, the latter lending strength to the beer. But first and last their thoughts circle around the Hangman, he who in a mysterious way is evil in the service of good, for redemption through blood and violence.

While the workingmen are talking, and while the stories they are relating now and then become living episodes flashed on a kind of idealized back-stage by the aid of effective lighting arrangements, the actors are all the time casting glances



Pär Lagerkvist



Courtesy of "Theatre Arts Monthly"

The First Act in Pär Lagerkvist's "The Hangman" as Acted in Bergen

full of fascinated horror toward the table in the tavern where the Hangman himself sits, huge and silent, gruesome in his blood-red cloak, drinking his beer alone. And in the midst of a wild scene where the terribly mutilated thief, Gallows Lasse, shrieks out his terror and his hatred, we suddenly see ghastly battle scenes from the World War standing out against the veil that covers the back-stage, while the shrapnel fire and the cries of the wounded mingle with the mad curses of Gallows Lasse.

Then all at once, with a masterly touch, the whole scene shifts, the veil is lifted, the tavern and the whole medieval scene vanishes, but the blood-red Hangman still sits in his place, now in the middle of a huge, ultra-modern dance restaurant, brilliantly lighted, where a negro orchestra plays jazz, while half-naked ladies in eve-

ning dress dance indecent and provocative dances with civilians in tuxedo and officers in field-grey uniform. At the restaurant tables which are scattered over the great stage, parties are sitting intensely engrossed in political conversation. All pay tribute enthusiastically to the Hangman as the great symbol of the age. Murder and violence, the wonder-working powers of evil, are no longer a secret fascinating horror, but an open, flaming confession of faith. Against the simple primitive horror of the medieval scene, the action in the glittering modern restaurant stands out with a scorching satire directly addressed to the Germany of Hitler, but also to other blood-drenched dictatorships. The climax comes when the enthusiastic ladies in evening dress, wild with political frenzy, suddenly cry out, "Heil Murderers!" as two pale, scornful

young men march proudly in through the whole restaurant to the tune of a parody of a national anthem, blending with snatches from various patriotic songs including the Horst-Wessel song—a brilliant musical satire.

But at last, after orgies of frenzied violence, the Hangman rises. Now at last he speaks. It is he who crucified the Saviour at Golgotha because men demanded it, and now he himself carries the cross and the sword. He suffers for men and he will rid the world of them by wiping them out for the sake of their wickedness. But the woman, who has followed him as a grey beggar, waits for him when he comes from his task, staggering and blood-stained. Then he can lay his head in her lap, and she loves him. On this gentle note the powerful drama ends with a dim suggestion of hope.

Both in Bergen and in Oslo the productions were full of fire and vigor. There was excellent acting. August Oddvar's Hangman at the National Theater was especially remarkable. The staging was an achievement: many scenes were of great beauty, others filled with horror, but the scattered effects were tied together by music, dancing, and skilful lighting. The production probed deeply

into the issues of the day; in Oslo there was an attempt at hissing the play from the boards, but the hisses were drowned in enthusiastic applause.

* * *

Very different in its mood was Nordahl Grieg's new play *Vaar ære og vaar makt* (*Our Glory and Our Power*), which last May was played on the National Stage in Bergen, under the instruction of the young, energetic manager of the theater, Hans Jacob Nilsen. He is a pupil of Per Lindberg, but is himself something of a dramatic genius with a vital sense of the need for rejuvenation of the stage.

The author, Nordahl Grieg, has written other plays, among which *Barrabas* is the best. The action of the present piece takes place in Norway during the World War and shows the contrast between ship-owners and speculators, who become millionaires, on the one side, and the seamen, who are sent out to be blown up by U-boats, on the other. In Bergen, which is the shipping center above all others here in Norway, there was a regular theatrical war before the piece could be produced. Hans Jacob Nilsen was obliged to threaten that he would resign from his position as head of the theater, before he was allowed to produce it.

The title, *Our Glory and Our Power*, is ironic and is taken from Björnson's patriotic song about the Norwegian seamen,

*"Vaar ære og vaar makt
Har hvite seil os bragt."
(Our glory and our power
White sails have brought us.)*

The play is in modern fashion, divided into fifteen scenes of varying length, tied together by significant music which usually has a parodic effect. The action takes place in the offices of shipowners, the homes of seamen, on the docks, in the lifeboat, in the old people's home, and in a U-boat. It begins with a striking pic-



Kolbjörn Buen as the Hangman in the Production at Bergen

ture which blends reality and symbolism. In a bright light against the dark stage, we see a coffin covered by a Norwegian flag: the dead Norwegian seaman. While the coffin is slowly lowered into the earth, the music plays "Sing Me Home," but suddenly it breaks into a wild discord which is like an explosion, and the date 1917 is seen in letters of flame. When the curtain rises again, we see a shipowner's office, high above the harbor with the sunlight pouring serenely in through the windows. The happy fairy tale of our shipping during the World War passes before us in distinct pictures, exactly as it really occurred. Hundreds of thousands are made on freight to the Allied countries; and if a ship is blown up by a mine, the profit on the insurance is even greater. The lucky speculators go about in a stage of intoxication. They deny themselves no pleasure.

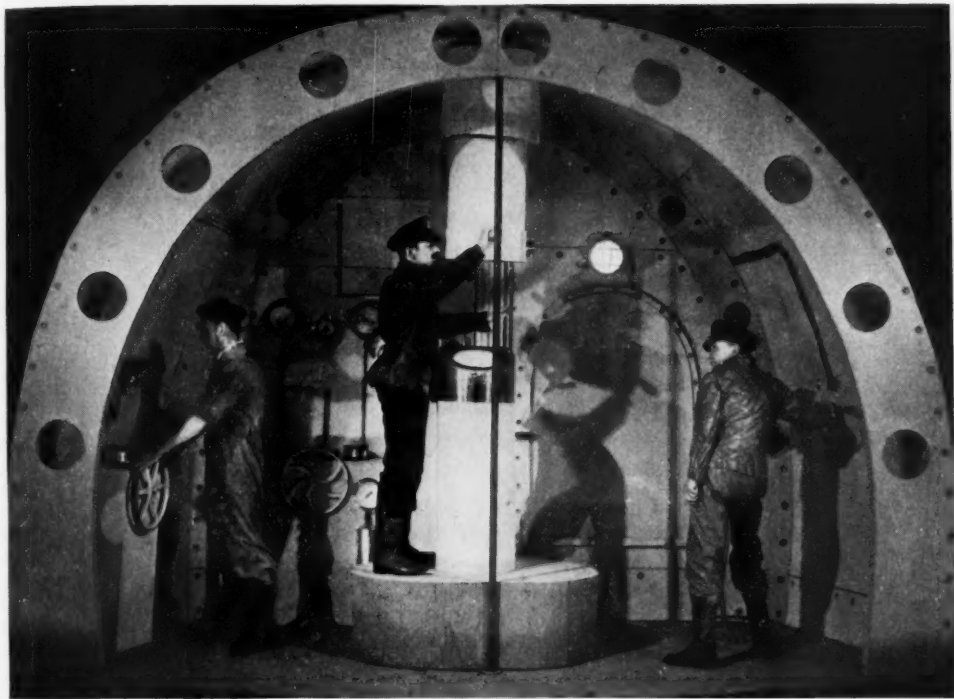
But the fortunate ones are few. The pictures change from the world of ship-owners to that of the seamen on shipboard

and on land among their families. Occasionally a sidelight is cast on the others who are outside of the glory, but are ground to earth by high prices. The whole is decidedly in a spirit of propaganda as, for instance, when a speaker rises in a crowd to pay a beautiful tribute to the brave seamen whom we owe so much and whom we will always remember, and this is followed by a picture showing how they are really remembered and rewarded: the sick and the unemployed in a wretched flop-house. The drama rises from picture to picture in an artistic climax which ends with an epilogue built on the danger of a new World War repeating the horrors of the last. In the midst of stock speculation and shrapnel fire against advancing soldiers, the seamen and workmen demand their right of way, and the sirens from the factories shriek out the proclamation of a general strike against war—the only hope of the future. With this apotheosis the play ends.

The production at the National Stage



The Firemen's Quarters—Scene from Nordahl Grieg's "Our Glory and Our Power"



In the German Submarine—Scene from "Our Glory and Our Power"

in Bergen was in modern style, strongly influenced by the Russian drama. Special mention should be made of the young Hans Stormoen as a seaman and Karl Bergman as a shipowner, both creating excellent figures. But the splendid effect of the whole depended chiefly on the capable instruction of the manager, Hans Jacob Nilsen.

In the autumn, *Our Glory and Our*

Power will be presented by the National Theater in Oslo where it will be staged by Johanne Dybwad. It is evident that with dramas such as these, the theaters of the world are entering upon new paths. That they grip the public mind is certain. We still have to see whether they will also inspire the authors, for in the end it is upon them that the future of the stage chiefly depends.

Two Poems by Herman Wildenvey

Translated from the Norwegian of HERMAN WILDENVEY by CHARLES WHARTON STORK

Selma

AND THERE is little Selma,
She deserves a song, I'll say.
She's the one I love so madly,
Selma is the girl today!

Selma is the springtime's sweetheart,
From the heaven of her eyes
She has sprinkled golden star-beams
Everywhere my pathway lies.

She has roamed amid the hedges,
Through the meadows green and cool.
Life has found her apt in learning
To be coy and beautiful.

All the while she carols gaily
Of the lover she would meet.
Many a good lad's heart is troubled
For the sake of Selma sweet.

And I too am wild for Selma,
Though she's deaf when I adore.
Deuce is in it, what's the difference?
No, I love her all the more.

Dear God, be kind to Selma!
That is all the prayer I pray.
'Tis as good a name as any;
Selma is the girl today.

Two Stanzas About Eve

I SAW you down on the beach today
As—they tell us Eve used to go so.
I don't think so much of Eve's display,
Her figure and hair were so-so.

But you had such hair and a form so turned—
I'll put no descriptions here, love.
'Twas as if a thousand years had yearned
To have you just as you were, love.

Embezzlement: A Story

BY CORA SANDEL

Translated from the Norwegian by J. B. C. WATKINS

I

THE MOMENT when Fru Ödegård can go over to the open window has come. For the time being she has done her part. Once more the stoves are tended and the breakfast is on the table in time. Half dazed with sleep, her mind still shrouded and, as it were, anchored in night and dreams, she has accomplished, as God knows how many times before, that which every morning seems to her equally impossible to do and yet every morning is done. Now the stoves will not go out today, and if anybody is late for school it is not her fault.

She leans out, lets the winter air bathe her face, sucks it in, feels her features relax and come to life under it, become of use again. For one day more.

Behind her there is a clatter of teaspoons against saucers, a rapid stirring of cups, a turning of pages. Somebody blows on a hot drink. A girl's voice glibly chants: "Die Angst, die Axt, die Bank, die Braut. . . ." A boy's voice doggedly keeps pace with it: "And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam. . . ." Two big school children are cramming away mentally and physically as much as they can manage in a few closely counted minutes. Now and then they stop to bicker a moment, then chew and chant again. Outside it is blue twilight, tree trunks and palings in silhouette against the snow, a faint network of shadows over it. A light shines from a window here and there in the scattered suburb. High above roofs and trees, almost at its zenith and as though left behind in the sky, stands the full moon.

With her eyes closed and her elbows resting on the window sill, Fru Ödegård suffers a further series of multiple tortures as she is wrenched out of dreams and forgetfulness into cold and clear, hard and grey everyday. Her mind shrinks back and shivers, clings fast with aching fibers to the snug soil of sleep. On the border still and as though saying farewell, she casts a glance up at the moon. Good heavens, are you there? I see you only at odd moments and quite by accident, but I remember the day when I did not go to bed while you were in the sky. Hour after hour, as though spellbound, I would sit gazing up at you, I loved you so. It wasn't yesterday, it's terribly long ago, it can't have been in this life. . . .

Soberly and bitterly, completely carried over into the world of day and reality, she thinks on: Fresh air . . . some people have as much as they want of it, as much as they need. So did I, once, but one loses things along the way. . . .

"Hurry up, children, the Jonassens are leaving now," she calls over her shoulder into the room. And she goes on with her inner monologue: Here I stand and call out the same thing morning after morning, year out and year in, just like a machine. . . .

"The Jonassens always leave first."

There is a scraping of chairs. Fru Ödegård turns round and confronts her day as it really is.

"Bär, Christ, Fink, Fürst, Geck, Gesell, Genoss, good-bye then mother, Pantoffel, Stinchel, Stachel, Dorn. . . ." Her daughter swings out of the door. "You aren't forgetting anything, are you? You've got your lunch, haven't you?" calls Fru Öde-

gård, now fully alive to her tasks. And when a rough boyish hand is thrust out open in front of her from a sleeve that is much too short, she at once feels mechanically for her purse in the pockets of her dressing-gown, while her thoughts obediently turn in on beaten and painful paths: A new overcoat . . . we'll never get through this school year . . . I'll have to get him a ready-made . . . he's too big for made-overs. . . .

"Oh, yes, the paper," says Fru Ödegård opening her purse. "Fifteen öre. . ."

"Forty-five öre, mother. The paper and *Allers*."

Fru Ödegård looks for a moment as though she had been caught doing something wrong. She says with an effort: "Forty-five öre, my boy?"

"The paper and *Allers*. It's Wednesday."

"If only I have the change." Fru Ödegård searches inside her purse, rattling coins which one can hear are small. Three ten-öre pieces come to light.

"Here you are, get *Allers* now and . . ."

"No, I'll get the paper of course. . ."

"Get *Allers*. . ."

"I'll get the paper." The boy's tone has a suggestion of the future manly martyr's fortitude under misfortune: "You're not going to be without your paper. . . ."

"Get *Allers*, please. . ."

"Haven't you any change upstairs though, mother? Are you sure you haven't?"

Fru Ödegård's eyes waver uncertainly: "I don't think so. . ."

"Go on up and see then. Sometimes you have."

"You'll be late, we haven't time for that," murmurs Fru Ödegård protestingly and as though in self-defense. But she goes, she is already on the stairs.

Up in her room she pulls out a drawer, rummages among some old flowers and ribbons, bedraggled finery from long ago, finds a childish savings bank in the form

of a red mailbox, rummages farther in and discovers under a yellowed silk shawl a small, flat key. She opens the bank. It is heavy, it rattles impressively as she sets it down. . . .

Among numerous five-öre pieces gleams an occasional two-kroner. As though from habit Fru Ödegård shakes the bank and watches for more, spies only a few, and sighs. She takes fifteen öre, locks the mailbox, and buries it among the flowers and ribbons, hides the key, and goes downstairs: "Here you are, my boy. . ."

"There you see, you have money all right. You're too absent-minded for anything, mother."

The half-grown boy's relief pours down on the mother like a shower of rain: hearty slaps on the back, hard smacks on both cheeks, youthful caresses that try to hide their tenderness under noisiness. Fru Ödegård shakes herself after them like a hen after a downpour, straightens her hair, looks suddenly younger.

"Hurry up now, or you'll be late. . ."

"You see, mother, everybody has *Allers* on Wednesdays, the whole class. It would hardly do to go without. . ."

"I understand. . ."

"Good-bye then, mother. . ."

"Good-bye, my boy."

The door slams. Fru Ödegård is alone. She becomes at once many years older. Her face falls into troubled furrows and folds, she bites her lips as though she were suffering inward pains. She is now face to face with the facts. No longer does any shred of night and dreams hide any of them.

First she sits down and looks miserable, muttering strange things to herself: "It'll all come out—it's all up. . ."

Outside the day is dawning in earnest. A cold wintry light fills the rooms.

Fru Ödegård hides her face in her hands: "I wish I were in my grave," she murmurs, "I can't keep it up. . ."

Then she rises, straightens herself up,

and says loudly and firmly: "You've got to. Today too."

And she plunges feverishly into her work.

When Fru Ödegård is busy at her housework, she keeps reminding herself from time to time of the various bright spots of existence. It is a system she has. She may say, for example, "Be glad as long as you have beds to make. . . ."

And her voice is loud and severe like a rebuke.

The theme varies with floors to wash, pails to carry, dust to wipe. Sometimes there is an attempt at an entirely new motif: "This is not the worst. . . ."

But when, blue with cold, she is emptying cinders into the dustbin and shaking the sifter with what is to be burnt over again, a whimsical breeze disports itself. She gets ashes all over her, in her nose and in her mouth, chews ashes. And a bitter image of sullied nakedness takes possession of her: Nakedness, ashes, Job!

"He hath cast me into the mire. . . ."

As though from a long hidden spring the words flow up into her consciousness. She dries her face with a corner of her apron, looks around her at the pathetic little panorama that is the end of her daily excursions into the open and consists of two dustbins and a heap of coke refuse, and the spring wells up a little more: "Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery and life unto the bitter in soul? . . . For my sighing cometh before I eat. . . . I was not in safety, neither had I rest, neither was I quiet; yet trouble came."

The coke is not paid for and the coke is done. "Be glad as long as you have ashes to sift. It might be worse. . . ." It is Fru Ödegård who with particular severity and emphasis silences Job. She goes in and slams the kitchen door. . . .

Yesterday's milk will do for gruel. With good will and management a chopped steak can be coaxed from Sunday's joint. . . . Today, this day right

here before us, we can weather, without telephoning, ordering, reminding anyone of our existence. Tomorrow . . . tomorrow we may all be dead. Relieved, Fru Ödegård puts the joint back on the pantry shelf. . . .

Then the telephone rings without her connivance, and she is miserable and cowed again. But she plucks up courage. Her answer, "Yes, this is eight, seven, six, Ödegård," is pitched a notch or so too high out of bravado.

From now on it is as though the apparatus she is holding were pumping the life out of her and at the same time forcing her to speak in an unnatural falsetto. . . .

It pumps, she collapses, and cries: "Today already? The first, I thought . . . a big payment. . . ."

"Difficult for you at the end of the month too? . . . I understand, I understand. . . ."

"I'm four months behind, yes that's right . . . when you have so much outstanding . . . my pupils . . . I'll have to . . . I like to be as accommodating as I can . . . everybody's having difficulty just now . . . as I said, the first. . . ."

And now it is as though the apparatus were gradually pumping life back into her again. She seems to breathe more easily: "Can you possibly manage this time? Thanks, that's awfully good of you. . . . I hope to be able to pay cash again soon . . . just now it is more convenient for me to pay in larger lots. Do I need anything today? Let me see . . . five kilos of potatoes . . . two kilos of flour . . . margarine, oatmeal . . . smoked herring. . . ."

She speaks by rote, wide-eyed, racking her brain for articles of necessity, useful food that one can exist on. She stops and thinks, fearful of forgetting something or other that is specially needed. And all the time the telephone is pumping, and her

eyes are filled with a great anxiety: Lettuce? Grapes? Not today, thank you. . . .

— — — — —
 "All right, but just one pound then, no more really, and a couple of small heads. . . ."

— — — — —
 "The last four—oh, very well. Gorgonzola? No, how can. . . ."

Suddenly it seems as though defiance and a sort of madness had taken hold of her: "Let me have a piece of gorgonzola. But then I'll have to have some crackers too . . . yes, please . . . and half a kilo of beef tenderloin . . . the real thing, yes . . . what was that? Olives for the sauce? All right, just for once. . . ."

Exhausted she sinks down on a chair. She needed eggs, cocoa, sugar, and did not think to ask for any of them. She has had forced on her grapes that it is not safe to keep too long, lettuce that she knows is wilted, cheese that it is time to get sold. She has no need for any of it, can't afford it under any circumstances. Her account will go up with it like a thermometer that is heated quickly. But one good turn deserves another, you don't get anything for nothing, and it's expensive to be poor. . . .

And insanity comes over her, defiance. Let's have a good time when we can and for as long as we can, why not? She is longing for pleasure and happy faces, to spread happiness and comfort. Nothing is lacking here. We have our good home, our meals are often excellent. Last week we ate tomatoes, several of which had not been frozen. And it's not so long ago that we had grouse on our table, which was really only the least bit high. . . .

On in the forenoon. The first pupil is there, an overgrown wench, buoyant and self-confident, who does not know her lesson. Beside her sits Fru Ödegård, surreptitiously buttoning the dress she almost managed to change into, wondering whether she dare suggest an advance on

the coming month too, beating time with one foot, and counting aloud: "One and two and three and, one and two and three and, the whole note is held throughout the measure, raise your fingers, yes, like this, higher, and the left hand at the same time, remember the sharp now, one and two and three and. . . ."

The trite little Tyrolese melody, unevenly chopped out, acts upon her like a sort of rhythmical trouncing, she winces at every note. Cravenly, spinelessly, thinking always of the advance, she says, after it has been plodded through for a second time: "It's not going so badly now . . . now let us go on. . . ."

But the pupil, who knows the next part even worse, remarks, looking through her music case: "Have you seen that there's another big embezzlement again? Some one who has taken money away from children, just imagine! Did you ever hear of anything so shameful?"

A paper is unfolded and handed over to Fru Ödegård who looks at it abstractedly and puts her hands up to her forehead.

"Are you ill, Fru Ödegård? Shall I go?"

"No, no, not at all, where is it? Oh, there?"

An unwarrantable question. The news takes up almost all of the first page, the heading stretches across three columns: New big swindle coming up for trial. Guardian lives in revelry and riot on wards' money. Extensive frauds, minors ruined. Creditors deceived by loose talk and golden promises. Investigations under way.

Fru Ödegård's glance roams over the columns, the letters dance before her eyes. Here and there she finds a foothold: . . . the most shocking thing about the affair seems to be the circumstance that it has to do in large part with the funds of children not of age . . . might have gone on for a long time yet had not the indiscreet remarks of the accused aroused suspicion . . . lived high to the last and completely deceived his associates. . . .

It cuts into her: He was tired . . . let himself drift . . . forgot to keep a watch on himself . . . just think—if I should mention. . . .

Aloud she says: "Ugh, yes, so many wicked things happen. The person who can get out of having anything to do with other people's money may be thankful. . . ."

Like an obtrusive snatch of melody one can't get rid of, the words continue to hum in her brain: Loose talk and golden promises . . . completely deceived his associates . . . loose talk and golden promises . . . revelry and riot. . . .

She wrings her cold, restless hands. . . .

One pupil succeeds another. On Wednesdays there are five altogether between breakfast and dinner. A sort of paralysis keeps Fru Ödegård from bringing up the matter of the advance the whole time. One or two ask her if she has read about the swindle case, are furnished with fresh details. The accused is the father of a family, has big children. . . .

The doorbell rings, it is a bill from the shoemaker. Within earshot of the pupil at the piano as she is, Fru Ödegård humbly asks the messenger to wait and goes, as though she were obeying orders, upstairs. Among flowers and ribbons she again finds a toy bank, this time a blue one. And now she takes two kroner. . . .

"One, twenty-five, here you are. . . ."

Quickly, as though it were necessary to cover up the real meaning of the words, she says, as she is waiting for her change: "You don't happen to have a few five-öre pieces, I suppose? As many as possible, thank you . . . they're for some children I know. . . ."

She gets five five-öre pieces. "You haven't any more? . . ." she says; peering greedily into the strange purse.

II

My home, thinks Fru Ödegård, mine and my children's. It still exists in its

outer forms, is unchanged in its outlines. Just a little money, a little lucre, no fabulous amount, and it will continue to exist, can again be filled with its proper, inner life. I could take fewer pupils, be less tired, play for the children, go out with them, talk and laugh . . . the days would become something more than just mere painful interludes between ports of distress and heavy drugged sleep. . . .

Then she is stabbed by the thought that she does not own the chair she sits on, that is owned by the landlord, the grocer, the coal dealer, the tax collectors, that the outworks may tumble any day.

Like a swimmer who gets his head above the water for a moment so that he is able once more to confirm his direction before fighting blindly on against wind and wave, she has her brief moments when she surveys the situation and takes herself to task: Don't give up . . . hang on . . . think of something . . . a way out of it, if not today, then tomorrow . . . advertise again. . . .

It is generally at meal times that she lapses into these reflections. When at last there is once more, in spite of everything, a sufficient supply on the table, it feels like a breathing spell, like a halt after a long lap has been covered. There are still many laps to go, but that's that one in any case. . . .

Across the table the children rattle away, interrupt each other, join in making fun of unfortunate teachers. A little out of it, a trifle absent-minded, Fru Ödegård tries from time to time to enter into the conversation with some utterly silly question and is informed that she is impossible: "Oh, you, mother. . . ."

The good days. . . .

There are others when she feels as though she were on top of a mine that might explode at any moment. Round about her the unforeseen is always lurking, stealing round the house, forcing its way in when the door opens, overtaking her in the shape of a bill that she thought

could wait a while, a coming collection in a class, books that must be provided unexpectedly, clothes that suddenly go to pieces. It wears her threadbare and calls for more, forces her from fraud to fraud. . . .

Or it fills the house with an atmosphere of falsification. As though in delirium she yields to its pressure, laughs unnaturally, talks in falsetto, feels the eyes of her children on her like a sun-glass. . . .

Today it fills every corner. . . .

The menu arouses unpleasant attention. It is too much of a good thing all at once. It seems as though it were arousing suspicion: "Such food, mother! Has something happened? Is it somebody's birthday?"

The boy asks: "Is somebody dead?"

In Fru Ödegård's brain are humming still the words that have been humming there for hours: revelry and riot . . . deceived his associates . . . loose talk and golden promises . . . revelry and riot. . . .

She answers in falsetto: "Dead? Nonsense!" She laughs loud and short, then suddenly switches over: "Don't ask silly questions, eat and be quiet."

Surprised silence. The subject is dropped. The steak is eaten and the lettuce, the crackers and cheese; they reach the grapes, but the atmosphere is oppressive.

I must hit upon something, thinks Fru Ödegård. I must pull myself together and say something or other natural and pleasant . . . revelry and riot . . . loose talk and golden promises . . . revelry and riot. . . .

Then she starts as at a blow.

"What is an embezzlement anyway, mother?"

Two thoughtful boyish eyes are looking straight at her beneath light eyelashes. They will hold her fast until she has answered and answered properly.

She coughs weakly into her napkin.

"Tss, don't you know that?" mocks his sister, who is older and understands a great many things.

"What is it, mother?"

"It is . . . to take from funds entrusted to one, my boy. . . ."

"Why do they entrust their funds to people who do such things? Haven't they anybody they can depend on who can keep their money for them?"

Again the answer comes from the sister: "Don't you understand that they do depend on them, that is exactly what they do? It is just the same as if mother were to go and take money from our banks. That is trust money too. . . ."

The boy's eyes darken. "Mother would never do that," he says emphatically.

"Silly, I said *as if*. All our two-kroner pieces, they are trust funds, since mother keeps them for us."

"I am glad it's mother who's keeping them for us," says the boy quietly and firmly.

In Fru Ödegård grows a great weariness. It has its center between the shoulder blades, just below the neck. It spreads, flattens her out, threatens to deliver her up. She thinks: I must say something soon, something natural and cheerful and pleasant, take myself in hand, find a way out, if not today then tomorrow. . . .

It results in a fresh burst of laughter, strange and sudden, in strange and surprising words: "What if I've taken all the money, what if I've used it up and put, for example, five-öre pieces in the banks instead. . . ."

A moment's silence. Fru Ödegård sits and listens to the words she has just let slip. Had she really done it?

"Oh, you, mother, you're a good one, you are. Perhaps you want us to believe that is why the keys have disappeared too, and why we are only allowed to feel our banks nowadays, never look inside them . . . what?"

"Yes," says Fru Ödegård faintly, almost with relief.

"Ha, ha, mother, you can certainly think of funny things."

A rough and angular boyish hand is laid over hers, pats her with masculine indulgence. Then comes insinuatingly: "They're getting in electric motors at the store one of these days . . . I guess the keys will come out again then all right . . . I've been wanting one so long. . . ."

As though compelled, Fru Ödegård meets her daughter's eyes. Wide open, searching, with fear in their depths, they are fixed upon her mother. . . .

And the mother straightens up. Loudly and harshly, as though defending herself against violence, she almost shouts: "I will not hear of your using that money, you're not going to touch it, so you may as well know it. And you're not going to feel the banks again this evening, there's no use asking. . . ."

"I wasn't thinking of asking. All I said was. . . ."

"Be quiet!"

Fru Ödegård gets up. Painfully, as though she had left miles behind her, she walks around the table, takes her son's head in her hands. "Mother isn't able to talk any more . . . that's all. . . ."

The first trickling tears of weariness and release smart in the corners of her eyes. She thinks: "This is how we give ourselves away . . . our strength weakens, we lose control. . . ."

Then she straightens up again and forces the tears back. She has again met her daughter's look. The child sits there with a face like a young Sibyl . . . her mouth half open, her upper lip drawn up slightly, eyes that seem to see more than the mind dare understand and acknowledge. . . .

Fru Ödegård thinks: Don't give up . . . find a way out, if not today, then tomorrow . . . carry on . . . carry on. . . .

John Ericsson

BY CLARENCE EDWIN FLYNN

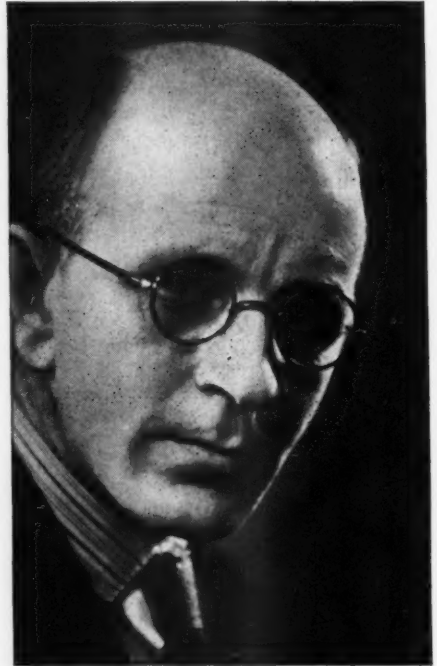
AT FILIPSTAD, a little Swedish town,
Near where his life began, his ashes rest.
His homeland was too proud of his renown
Not to recall them at its pride's behest.
But it is in America he lives,
In the republic of which he was part,
And which in memory still freely gives
To him the honor of a nation's heart.

The little *Monitor* has had its day,
But Providence presented it to man,
In an appointed hour, a chosen way,
To play its part in Hist'ry's mighty plan.
In that one hour it served its purpose well.
How much we owe its maker who can tell?

Truth and Fiction In Current Danish Books

BY JULIUS CLAUSEN

IT IS A SIGN of the times that the best sellers of the year are not novels in the old-fashioned sense of pure fiction, but rather narratives and memoirs built on a foundation of reality. The reason for this is no doubt the instinctive sense that the novel of life itself is more interesting than that of imagination. So many great and incalculable things are happening in the world, so many strange mutations, that poetic invention may be dispensed with. At the same time there has grown up a desire to look backwards, a retrospective tendency, which makes historical biography very popular reading. Put, be it noted, the narrator must be something of an artist, at all events a distinguished stylist, and he must be so constituted that he does not merely report objectively, but intuitively takes part in the story with the innermost fibers of his being, makes it real and vital, and draws it in the red blood of life. In this way the biographies of such world figures as Henry VIII, Victoria, Marie Antoinette, and Elizabeth have become extraordinarily popular books, because they form a mean proportional between historical objectivity and subjective art. They take the place of the earlier historical novels which to people of our day, with their hunger for reality, seem a roundabout way to the goal. We no longer need to make history over or improve upon it. The life of every day is of course only its reflection, its integral parts. But modern readers, who want to arrive at the goal quickly and not to be mired in a morass of detail, demand an extract, a synthesis served up in an easily accessible and



Arne Ström

flowing style. Works of this type unite the material of history with the easier form of the novel. After the research students of history have brought forth and explained the material, it is the duty of the writers of history to separate the gold from the dross, to eliminate the superfluous. The writing of history is no less an art than historical research—but it is a very different one.

The reading public of our day demands vitality; it must have life crystallized, and this is the chief distinguishing quality of two new books which are both concerned with burning questions of the day

but which will sometime become history. The first one is ARNE STRÖM's *Onkel, giv os Brød!* (*Uncle, Give Us Bread!*), a first-hand account of social and economic conditions in present-day Russia. We have heard and read so much both for and against the new state of affairs in the Soviet, the Five Year Plan, etc., that we have become sceptical and have asked: What is the truth? Are we to believe the panegyric gildings of the enthusiasts or the gloomy predictions of the pessimists? After reading Arne Ström's book one is not for a moment in doubt as to where the truth lies, and this is what gives the book its great value and significance.

Arne Ström is no man of letters, no tried or experienced author, but an honest man who with a natural sense of humor and without prejudice tells of a year's experiences and adventures in the interior of Russia, in the vast Russian peasant country. He did not go there like the ordinary tourist with his pockets full of international currency or letters of credit for dollars. If he had, he would have been lodged in one of the few remaining hotels fit for human habitation in Moscow or Leningrad, he would have had caviar and butter to eat, and have got to see just what is exhibited to the few European and American tourists. He would have seen only the curtain and not the scenes that are being enacted behind it. No, Arne Ström is an expert in poultry farming. For ten years he had run large chicken ranches in Canada, and upon returning to Copenhagen, he was engaged by the Soviet representative as adviser and inspector at one of the large poultry establishments in Central Russia.

Arne Ström went to Russia a Paul but came back a Saul. He had the greatest sympathy for the Soviet experiment when he left, but the deepest mistrust of the outcome when he returned. He was guaranteed a monthly wage of 800 roubles, and Mr. Ström in his innocence figured it out on the old gold basis as about \$400,

which seemed to him liberal. He received the salary agreed upon promptly enough, but discovered too late that only valuta had any purchasing value and that the rouble was as good as worthless. At least he had to pay three roubles for a pound of bread and everything else in proportion. This might have been disregarded if the man had found decent conditions where he went. But everything was as crazy, as badly planned, as out of date as it possibly could be. With the proneness of the Russians not to do today what they can put off until tomorrow, real reforms were out of the question. The poultry were practically all tubercular and primitively housed, and all Ström's attempts at improvement were wrecked on the reefs of confusion, bad administration, and indifference.

As in all communistic societies, there was a very large but badly coordinated governmental machinery. This might have been borne in the case of the poultry, but what about the people? They were friendly enough towards the foreigner, but appallingly stupid. And how could they be otherwise with the frightful poverty that exists among them? Like wild animals they throw themselves upon a piece of dry bread or a raw cucumber. At every railroad station one sees flocks of hungry people who cry up at the carriage windows: "Uncle, give us bread!" This is the daily, mournful refrain. Their clothes are ill-smelling rags, their shoes are of bark. The long Russian leather boots of the peasants belong to history. Hand in hand with poverty go filth and uncleanness. Russia is the kingdom of lice: one sees people delousing each other like monkeys in a zoo. The government sees the advantage, or thinks it does, of copying the methods and machines of Western Europe and America, but it has forgotten to reckon with the Russian character and the Russian climate. Tractors will not work there as they do on an American wheat farm. There is an outward show, but be-

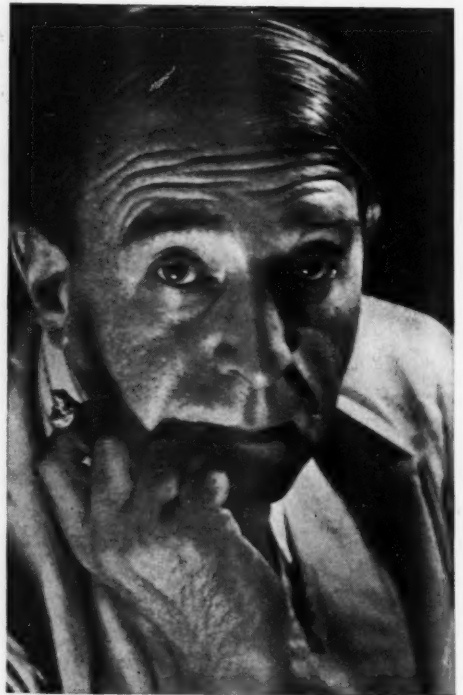
hind the scenes all is poverty, confusion, despair.

Sad in mind, Mr. Ström left at the end of a year the position he had so joyfully accepted, for it was impossible to institute reforms in present-day Russia. Vividly, picturesquely, with much sympathy for the impoverished Russian people, he has told the story of their suffering. No reader can doubt that he has seen right through to the heart of the matter.

No less valuable a contribution to the history of the most recent times is ERNST HARTHERN'S *En Jøde rejser til Jerusalem* (*A Jew Goes to Jerusalem*). The author is a German-born Jew who has lived in Copenhagen some twenty years as correspondent for German newspapers. He married a Danish—"Aryan"—actress, and has by this marriage a son who has just reached manhood. The purpose of the trip was partly practical: what are the future possibilities for this son as a farmer in Palestine? and partly idealistic: what does Zionism offer the Jews who are persecuted and hunted out of Germany by the present régime?

Harthern is a very intelligent man and an excellent writer. Without any emotional outbursts, without sentimentality, without hatred or agitation, he treats of the latest chapter in the history of the Wandering Jew. He travels on a freighter to the Holy Land, makes detours on the way, calls in at Casablanca on the west coast of Morocco, and gives a fascinating picture of life in this rapidly growing new international port. On the long sea voyage he has ample leisure to ponder his own position. Homesickness seizes him, a genuine deep homesickness! But God alone knows what home he is sick for. Is it the old home in Germany, the Fatherland, or the new home in Copenhagen, or that land of the future and yet of the most remote past, Palestine, the new home of Zionism?

Finally he sets foot on shore in the port of Jaffa and in the new town that has shot up just back of it, Tel Aviv, with its orange plantations and vast exports. A strange thing has happened with these Jewish émigrés. Business men, lawyers, authors in Germany and Russia, many of them have now taken up the tilling of the soil, the occupation of their distant forefathers. More than three hundred thousand have come here in the course of the last half-score years, and just as many more new immigrants, driven out of their fatherland by anti-Semitism, are expected. Yet it must not be forgotten that these people feel themselves just as much Germans as Jews. This is especially true of the upper class. Harthern lived for a while in a villa outside of Jerusalem with a German Jewish family. The wife and son are converts to Zionism and have induced the head of the



Ernst Harthern

house, a highly cultivated man, to give up their beautiful country place in the Grönwald near Berlin. Now he sits there in Jerusalem and suffers from a terrible homesickness for the country that will have none of him. He kills time by playing Beethoven on the grand piano they have brought with them—and of course no composer is so well qualified to stir up homesickness and longing in the blood as Beethoven.

The average Jew adapts himself more easily. Harthern also portrays this type without scruples. Immediately on his arrival he received a visit from a representative who tried to persuade him to invest his fortune in oranges and offered himself as promoter. Although Harthern explained that he did not have at his disposal the money required, it was a long time before he could escape from the voluble gentleman who refused to give up his intended victim. They have not abandoned the spirit of trade. The country, which is no larger than one of the smallest states of the U.S.A., and in many places mountainous and barren as well, must be turned to account.

Young idealistic and communistic Jewish clans rent land from the Arabian government, and with astonishing perseverance and tireless energy they force the earth to yield a crop which, if modest, is yet sufficient to live on. In Jerusalem large modern hotels are springing up, and a bus line, the Dead Sea Express, leads to a large, well equipped bathing resort with orchestras, illumination, and jazz. Hebrew is seen on all signs, and Hebrew newspapers are published—but side by side with it German predominates. For as a Zionist editor said to Harthern: "You must either bring along with you the language of the strange land that will have nothing more to do with you or with which you wish to have nothing to do, and continue to speak it and write it, or else take the trouble to learn the language that predominates in the new foreign land

where you have found shelter and speak and write that henceforward." The tragedy is the struggle of the Simili-Jew to be like the others whose clothes he wears, whose customs he imitates, whose gods he has pledged himself to—this flight from being a Jew. But however much he may strive, whatever price he may pay—his flight must fail and is failing. For there is no escape from being a Jew. To want not to be a Jew any longer can only lead to a denial of himself, a plunge into nothingness!

Harthern's extraordinarily interesting work is in form a travel book, but it is far more than the collection of a tourist's chance and scattered experiences. It has to do with social questions of vast extent and is an international work in the true sense of the word. As these lines are being written, it is probably already under consideration for English translation. In its lucid, almost cool attitude, as an effort to tell the truth and nothing but the truth, Harthern's work about the new Jewry is a parallel to Ström's about the new Russia.

Of quite a different brand is *Spildt Mælk* (*Spilled Milk*) by NIS PETERSEN, author of the now almost world famous historical novel *The Street of the Sandal-makers* which was discussed in detail in the REVIEW when it first appeared. The new work has not been so successful as its predecessor, but apparently the subject is to blame for this, for tone and style—humorous, bantering, daringly disrespectful—are the same and Nis Petersen's own. *Spildt Mælk* might be called a popular psychological analysis of the Irish mind. The events take place in the years around 1920, partly in Dublin and partly in the surrounding countryside. We hear first of the attempt of the English to suppress Home Rule and all the revolts which arose in connection with this from the Irish side. But when the English have given in and withdrawn



Nis Petersen

their soldiers—ah, then the Irish miss the war, the struggle, the ambushes, the conspiracies, and the intrigues, and since there is no longer a foreigner to fight with, they fight with each other. In short we have civil war. It cannot possibly be otherwise, thinks the author, for the Irish are the world's least peace-loving people. They like the smell of powder. They glory in violence. Nis Petersen, who knows his Ireland, conjures up a whole gallery of these restless souls who persuade themselves into thinking that they are fighting for an idea when in reality they are fighting merely for the sake of the battle. Men and women are equally pugnacious. The favorite toy of the boys is a rifle. Street riots, skirmishes, drunken brawls are all in the day's program. It is certainly no very flattering picture of the Irish people that the author offers. He has chosen the novel form, but he might equally well have chosen some other, for from the standpoint of composition his book is random and tempestuous. It is perhaps those tempestuous heads that have taken possession of him. In the pro-

log Death betakes himself to Life and says: "Now are Erin's children weary of wrangling." "But Life let his glance wander slowly towards the north to the palms in Killarney and laughed incredulously."

It is possible that Nis Petersen's book will make more of an impression in English reading circles than in Danish. To the average Dane, Ireland is rather a remote conception and its struggles and disputes do not much concern him.

While all these books move in foreign parts, one of the best selling books of the year is a novel of the Danish countryside. MARIE BREGENDAHL, Jeppe Aakjær's first wife, is the author and *Holger Hauge og hans Hustru* (*Holger Hauge and His Wife*) is the title of the book. Marie Bregendahl is thoroughly acquainted with the Danish farming country and its people, especially in Jutland. Although the age—in the realm of literature at least—seems to have overleaped the bounds of petty realism, her book is to a large ex-



Marie Bregendahl

tent realistic description with such an indulgent and almost trivial narration of all the details of every day that they are on the point of destroying the broader lines of the book. The setting is a Jutland parish of the 1870s where the conservatism and imperiousness of the old and the free-thinking and greater adaptiveness of the young are beginning to conflict. A young officer without means has bought a mortgaged farm. This piece of effrontery, that a stranger should thrust himself into their territory, is resented by the farmers, and they put every possible impediment in his path. But then a woman of peasant family becomes through her vision and industry his good angel. The story is simply and somewhat diffusely told, but it is sure in its touch and in its deep knowledge of the country both on its good and its less good aspects.

This knowledge Marie Bregendahl had

in common with her divorced husband, the late Jeppe Aakjær, the most popular folk poet of recent times in Denmark. During his lifetime he managed to publish three volumes of his reminiscences and, as in all memoirs, the period of childhood is most beautifully and most richly described. He left notes in manuscript for a fourth volume. This was brought out last fall, but it should never have come out. For in its unreserved and censorious judgments and its very conceited estimates of his own worth, it gives a picture of a man who would have liked very much to be a leader both in literature and in life, but who was capable only of being a Danish imitator of Robert Burns. Here in Denmark Jeppe Aakjær is a great man—his *Songs of the Rye* has become a Danish classic—but his fame does not extend beyond the boundaries of his own country.

A New Foundation in Denmark

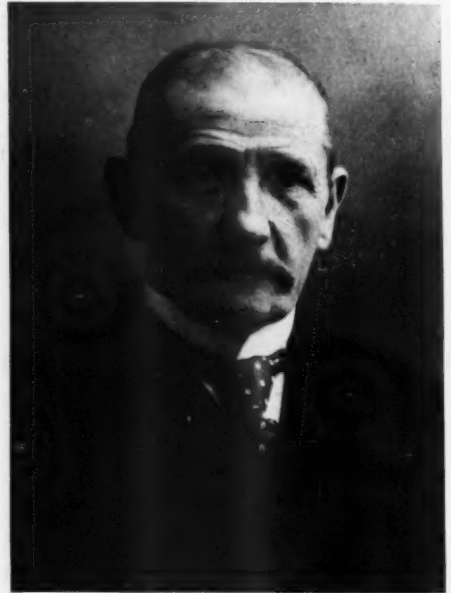
DENMARK, which already has two great foundations, the Carlsberg Fund and the Rask-Ørsted Fund, has now received a third in the Mönsted Fund. While the two former are devoted to the liberal arts and science, the new foundation has been formed in order to promote commerce and industry. It is recognized that under modern conditions those who are to carry on the commercial and economic activities which are the basis of the prosperity of the nation need the widest and fullest training at home as well as opportunities to study abroad.

The founder of the fortune which is to be used for these purposes was Otto Mönsted, who was born in 1838. He went into business as a grain and butter exporter in Aarhus in 1865. At first he bought his supplies of butter from the farmers, and this home-made product he then graded and shipped abroad. He soon saw that much more butter could be sold than was available, and he therefore applied himself to a plan for increasing the quantity as well as improving the quality. This led later to his taking up the manufacture of margarine in order to reduce the home consumption of butter and release a greater

amount for export. In 1883 he established the first margarine factory in Denmark at Aarhus. Owing to the difficulties created by the Danish Margarine Act, he decided to establish factories of his own in England. He built the first English factory at Godley near Manchester in 1888 and another at Southall near London in 1894. Both these concerns are now owned by English companies.

Mr. Mönsted died in 1916. His widow, Mrs. Anna Mönsted, survived him for seventeen years. By their joint will the whole of the estate, after the payment of death duties and certain legacies, was set aside in a special Fund which became available after the death of Mrs. Mönsted two years ago. The proceeds of this Fund, which amounts to 23,000,000 kroner, are to be devoted to the support and development of Danish commerce and industry, especially by grants for the training of teachers and pupils of the Technical Institute and commercial colleges as also by other means. The income from the Fund cannot be applied to any purpose which, generally speaking, is the concern of the State or the municipalities. Nor can it be used for pensions or ordinary charitable contributions. Its purpose is exclusively to create economic movement and thereby increase employment.

The charter of the Fund stipulates that it is to be administered by a board of three members selected by the faculty of the Polytechnic Institute, the Grosserer-Societet, and the Industriraad. The chair-



Otto Mönsted

man of the Otto Mönsted Fund is Mr. A. Holm, managing director of the Otto Mönsted Company and chairman of the Union of Margarine Manufacturers.

The first award by the Mönsted Fund was made this year and totalled 440,000 kroner. One-fourth of this amount was given to students at the Polytechnic Institute and the Commercial College, and a somewhat larger amount is to be applied to fellowships for study abroad. Direct grants are also made to the institutions and their faculties and for purposes of applied science.

THE QUARTER'S HISTORY



DENMARK

THE RECENTLY COMPLETED BRIDGE across the Little Belt continues an outstanding attraction, not only to the traveling public, which is benefited through the improved transportation facilities, but to

many who are drawn to an inspection of this great engineering project which joins the island of Funen with the Jutland peninsula.

That a small country like Denmark could undertake such an enterprise, which required great engineering skill and a considerable outlay of money, is noteworthy in itself. The Little Belt Bridge is one of the largest of its kind in Europe. It was built for highway as well as for rail-

road traffic, and pedestrians pay no toll passing across the bridge.

Not only did the engineers in charge of construction plan for a bridge that should satisfy every demand made upon it from a transportation standpoint, but the Danish State Railways desired the Little Belt Bridge to be an architectural monument which would blend with the surroundings. Rising from the banks in high-swung reinforced concrete arches, the structure crosses the Belt in a flatly curved construction that harmonizes with the landscape on both sides of the water.

Replacing the ferries over the Little Belt, the bridge now shortens the time of travel by three-quarters of an hour. The route is the main artery between Scandinavia and England, via Esbjerg-Harwich. The time saved between Denmark and



Courtesy of "Dagens Nyheder"

The Little Belt Bridge Photographed from the Air on the Day of Its Opening, May 13

Germany is also important to both business and the tourist trade.

The actual work on the Little Belt Bridge began in 1929 and was completed at a cost of 24,000,000 kroner. The cost of the entire bridge project, however, amounted to 40,000,000 kroner. H. Flensborg, department chief of the Danish State Railways, has furnished certain data bearing on the construction work and operation showing the greatness of the undertaking.

The main piers rest on clay 130 feet below the water surface. The total height from the bottom of the pier to the top of the steel work is 320 feet. The total length of the bridge is 3,870 feet. The approach span from Funen is 450 feet; that from Jutland, 700 feet. There went into the construction of the bridge 13,000 tons of steel and 140,000 cubic yards of concrete. Based on ferry statistics, 185,000 railroad cars will be conveyed across the Little Belt with a freight tonnage of 600,000.

THE CITY OF FREDERICIA at the Jutland terminal is experiencing a new era with the coming of the bridge across the Little Belt. Conspicuous among the city improvements is a new railroad station which will be the center for the traffic west, north, and south. With the abolition of the ferry docks, work has begun on the construction of a modern port which shall connect directly with the Belt itself. Fredericia is one of the historic cities of Denmark, and its ramparts have long been considered a feature of national interest. The Little Belt Bridge has given a fresh impetus to urban improvements,

with the result that almost half of the population has now moved outside the ramparts and developed residential quarters. New and modern hotels have also been added to the attractions of Fredericia.

Mogens Lichtenberg, the new chief of the Danish Tourist Association, declares that the effect of the improved transportation facilities between Funen and Jutland is already being felt in the increased number of foreigners who are visiting Copenhagen this summer. There have been more English visitors than in years, and the



One of the Five Great Arches That Support the Bridge on the Jutland Side, Seen in the Foreground of the Picture on the Preceding Page

hotels of the capital have been benefited accordingly. The English broadcasting stations make a feature of stating that the trip across the Channel and to Copenhagen has been shortened by a whole night, because of the bridge and the fast express trains from Esbjerg to the capital. At the International Exposition in Brussels, the Danish Pavilion has become a publicity center telling the world about the many attractions that Denmark has to offer visitors.

GRAASTEN CASTLE has been presented to Crown Prince Frederik and Crown Princess Ingrid as a summer residence, and work has already begun on certain improvements to cost about 250,000 kroner. The castle has a splendid location on the Flensborg Fjord, and the South Jutlanders are especially gratified that their future King and Queen are to spend some time of each year in their neighborhood. A great reception is being prepared for the time when Graasten shall be ready for occupancy by the royal couple. Both King Christian and Crown Prince Frederik have been keenly interested in making the recovered southern province once more a component part of the kingdom itself, and the several visits of the monarch in recent years have made the people of South Jutland realize that their welfare is the concern of the whole of Denmark.

THE WEDDING GIFTS received by the royal couple were displayed in the large exhibition hall of the Technological Institute in Copenhagen. Great crowds took advantage of the opportunity to inspect the numerous presents that testified to the esteem in which Crown Prince Frederik and Princess Ingrid are held. The Swedish colony of the capital sent a magnificent *Flora danica* service for thirty-six persons. Tables were filled with silverware of every kind, including a smoking set with a great lamp of silver, the gift of

the officers' corps of the army. The gift of the Iceland government was a great painting, showing wild swans rising up from a mountain lake. The bridal couple received many other paintings. The wedding dress of the Crown Princess was displayed in a separate room and was greatly admired.

THE FOURTH OF JULY festivities in Rebild Park took place in the presence of a great crowd which included many Danish-Americans. Owing to illness, Dr. Max Henius, the founder of the Rebild Park project, was unable to be present. Addresses were made by leading government officials, headed by Premier Stauning and Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen. The American Minister to Denmark spoke on the close relationship between her own country and the one to which she had been accredited.

A feature of the Danish Fourth of July celebration was the receipt of a telegram by the Rebild Park board from Professor Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana, of Cambridge, a grandson of the poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, commemorative of the latter's visit to Denmark just one hundred years ago. Professor Dana said that his grandfather had always looked upon his stay in Copenhagen as one of the highlights in his experience, and by his translation of the Danish national anthem, "King Christian," and other songs and ballads, he had testified to his love for the Danish people and their culture.

THE DESIGNS of the sculptor Utzon-Frank for the new series of stamps to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the first four fairy tales of Hans Christian Andersen have been accepted. There are three designs, a portrait of the poet, a swan, and a mermaid. The series is in denominations of 5, 7, 10, 15, 20, and 30 öre. The acceptance of Utzon-Frank's sketches came after a contest in which a number of notable artists participated.



NORWAY

THE LABOR GOVERNMENT headed by Prime Minister Johan Nygaardsvold has continued its firm control of Norwegian affairs during the last quarter, only once interrupted by the threat of a crisis.

On June 26 the Cabinet declared that it would resign if an appropriation of 900,000 kroner proposed by the Committee on Social Affairs for the establishment of a school for the unemployed were passed by the Storting. The proposal was defeated by 90 against 60 votes, and the impending crisis blew over. Previously the Government's national budget, which had been increased by 26,000,000 kroner over that of the preceding year, had been passed against the combined vote of the Right and Left representatives. The new budget balances at 436,950,000 kroner. Of this amount 332,760,000 kroner is expected to be derived from taxes and other forms of national revenue. Additional income will flow into the state coffers from the newly passed sales-tax bill; an increased tax on tobacco is expected to produce 18,100,000 kroner. In the middle of June the Storting passed the Government's farm-relief program, which immediately made 15,470,000 kroner available for purposes such as bolstering the price of dairy products, grain, and other farm produce. The Government was furthermore authorized to use 5,000,000 kroner to encourage the initiation of new industrial undertakings and to prevent stoppage of existing industries. The Government's Wine Monopoly announced earnings amounting to 26,000,000 kroner during 1934.

THE WHALING INDUSTRY felt the firm hand of the Government in a new law which was passed June 15. The main object of the law is to control the whaling industry by limiting the seasonal produc-

tion of whale oil in order to preserve the whales from destructive hunting. Certain areas in Antarctic waters will be protected by closed seasons. Strict rules for the killing of whales in the open areas have also been laid down. The law, furthermore, contains a clause by which the Government may refuse Norwegian citizens and firms the right to practise whaling unless they live up to the zoning and protective laws of the industry. Two weeks later plans for the building of a new giant floating whale refinery were announced by the firm of Bugge & Co. in Tönsberg. The new ship will be 30,000 tons, the largest commercial ship in the world, and nine whaling boats will be built to operate with the floating factory. The total cost is estimated at 14,000,000 kroner. The capital is Norwegian and English, but the big ship will be built in Germany.

THE ARRIVAL OF LEON TROTZKY in Oslo on June 18 caused much comment in the press. The erstwhile leader of the Russian revolution had obtained a governmental permit to reside in Norway for six months, it was said, to recuperate from an illness, and with the strict understanding that he should not carry on any political propaganda during his stay in Norway. Under the name of Sedoff, Trotzky and his wife rented quarters in a small boarding house at Jevnaker, a suburb of Oslo. His landlady told newspapermen that the Russian revolutionist and his wife lived quietly, spending most of their time in their rooms, reading and writing, and taking occasional walks in the country. Olav Scheffo, the Communist editor, stated that Trotzky was hard at work on a Lenin biography. It is believed that the famed Russian will move to the quiet valley of Setersdalen in southern Norway and remain there.

THE UNEMPLOYED in Norway at present number less than one hundred thou-

sand, or not quite $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the total population of the country. In certain parts there is a lack of farm help, and several cities report that there is a shortage of skilled workers, whereas there is an abundance of unskilled labor. In Oslo employers are having difficulties in obtaining trained clerical workers, particularly stenographers who can handle more than one language. It has been pointed out that Norway needs more young men and women with vocational training.

THE NORWEGIAN NAVY has been reduced by 30 per cent since 1914, according to a statement by the Association for Norway's Naval Defense. The Association, which numbers eight thousand members, headed by Mr. Magnus Andersen of *Viking* fame, stresses the necessity of building new warships for Norway. The association appeals to the public to exert pressure on the Government and the Storting to appropriate money for expansion of the navy.

A GREAT FIRE BROKE out in the old city of Hamar July 9. An entire block, comprising the post office and several business buildings, was consumed in the flames. The loss was estimated at 1,500,000 kroner. Two small boys, playing with matches, caused the fire.

TUBERCULOSIS has been considerably checked during the last thirty-five years, according to reports released at the annual meeting of Norwegian Women's Sanitation Society. In 1900, 31 of every 1,000 persons in Norway died annually from tuberculosis. In 1934, this sinister figure had been reduced to 12 persons per 1,000 inhabitants. Precautionary steps are taken in the schools where all pupils are examined before they are admitted to the first grade.

THE ECONOMIC POSSIBILITIES of hunting and fishing have been the object of

great interest lately. During a meeting of the Norwegian Hunters' and Fishermen's Society in Oslo, the president, Mr. Johan Anker, said that Norwegians were ignorant of the potential value of fishing and hunting. Norway was eminently suited for these sports, he said, but at present no more than 5,000,000 kroner a year was derived in revenue from them. By a rational utilization of the possibilities Norway should be able to make 100,000,000 kroner annually from these sports, Mr. Anker claimed.

A BANNER YEAR for tourist traffic is being experienced in Norway. Outside of the regular stream of individual travelers, twenty-eight large tourist ships have visited the fjords this summer. From Holland a group of one thousand school-children arrived on their own ship and cruised in Norwegian waters.

A MONUMENT commemorating Christian Michelsen, the great national leader of 1905, will be erected in his native city, Bergen, in the near future. The sum of 140,000 kroner has been collected by public subscription. The statue will be over fifty feet high, and is to be designed by Gustav Vigeland, Norway's greatest sculptor.

Roald Amundsen's estate Uranienborg, at Svartskog near Oslo, has been officially dedicated as a national shrine. Mr. Frederik Herman Gade, former Norwegian Minister to Brazil and donor of the property, spoke at the dedication ceremonies, which were attended by the King. Prime Minister Nygaardsvold accepted the estate on behalf of the Government.

A GREAT BIOGRAPHICAL work in three volumes dealing with Norwegian emigrants is being prepared by the Dreyer's Publishing House in Stavanger in cooperation with Nordmannsforbundet. Mr. Arne Kildal is editor-in-chief, assisted by a number of coeditors in foreign countries.



SWEDEN

PRINCE EUGEN of Sweden, a brother of King Gustaf, and the foremost landscape painter in the country, was seventy years old on August 1. Born in 1865 he embarked upon an artistic career in 1887, when he began to study painting in Paris. From his many foreign trips he has brought back a great number of interesting canvases, but he is primarily known as the leading interpreter in oil and water color of the Swedish nature. This he has depicted with deep understanding of its poetic values and stern beauty. Enormously prolific, Prince Eugen has contributed paintings and al frescos to many Swedish schools, museums, and churches. His most ambitious creation is found in the Stockholm City Hall and shows scenes from the waterfront of the capital. When working on this mural, Prince Eugen arrived early each morning, painting until daylight failed, and often brought along a basket luncheon, which he ate perched on the tall scaffoldings, in the company of masons, plasterers, and carpenters. Many times he has arranged one-man exhibitions, both in Swedish cities and abroad. Thus his works have twice been shown in Paris, as well as in Brussels, Oslo, Copenhagen, and Helsingfors. Prince Eugen, who is a bachelor, makes his home in Stockholm, where he has a beautiful villa in the verdant Djurgården Park. He often spends the summer in his small, but comfortable cottage on the shore of Lake Vättern, in the central province of Östergötland. This picturesque part of Sweden interests him particularly, and he has constructed a traveling studio, attached as a trailer to his motor car, so that he can move freely about the countryside in search of desirable motifs. A man of great versatility, Prince Eugen is an ardent and successful horticulturist, and also a designer of

industrial art objects. His talent as an architect is demonstrated by the fact that he himself made the drawings for his summer home. The musical arts have in him an enthusiastic supporter, and he delights in the theater and the cinema. Literature also interests him, and he follows modern fiction closely, especially American. In spite of his age Prince Eugen spends most of his day at the easel. In addition he has found time to lend his interest and knowledge to many organizations and groups, particularly those devoted to the preservation and development of Swedish homecrafts and industrial arts.

Another Swedish artist of international reputation, the sculptor Carl Milles, was sixty years old on June 23. Born in 1875 he has long been famous for his original and powerful works, which are found in many cities both in Sweden and abroad. He spends the better part of each year at the Cranbrook Foundation, in Michigan, where he has a home and a studio.

PRESIDENT PER EVIND SVINHUFVUD of Finland, accompanied by Mrs. Svinhufvud, visited Stockholm, where they were the guests of King Gustaf. Later they traveled through the country, paying a call on the Crown Prince and Crown Princess at their summer residence, Sofiero. Among other important foreign visitors have been Sir Richard Butler, Prime Minister of South Australia; the Estonian Foreign Minister, J. Seljmas; the Latvian Foreign Minister, Stasys Lazoraitis; and the Norwegian Foreign Minister, Professor Halvdan Koht.

SOCIAL SECURITY was further enhanced in Sweden by the enactment of a new old-age pension law as the final act in June of the now five hundred year old Riksdag. Sweden has had an old-age pension system since 1913 with obligatory contributions from every one, but the pension payments have been rather small,

Now the extra disbursements to those with very low incomes have been increased so that poor relief is expected to become unnecessary in a majority of cases. The cost of the new pensions will be divided as heretofore among the government, the provinces, and the municipalities. Higher contributions from every one will also be exacted so that the central pension fund, which now amounts to about 650,000,000 kronor, will be able to take on part of the burden. Roughly 360,000 persons will have their pensions increased by January 1, 1937. The cost of the new rates will be 142,000,000 kronor the first year, as compared to 77,000,000 at present. For part of the new revenue the Social Democratic Cabinet proposed new government monopolies in coffee and gasolene, similar to the present in tobacco and liquor, but this aroused such an opposition from champions of free competition that the matter has become a national political issue. On the other hand, the Riksdag committee which prepared the final bill recommended new indirect taxes on coffee, liquor, tobacco, cocoa, candy, and other luxuries as the proper source of the needed new revenue. Since these articles are consumed in greatest bulk by the very beneficiaries of the new pensions, the system will in effect carry itself. No new direct taxes were favored.

A special government pension to the blind was distributed for the first time this year. It amounts to 500 kronor a year and is awarded only to the most deserving on special application. In Gothenburg alone about one hundred blind people applied, and about five hundred in the country as a whole.

SWEDEN HAS DECLARED A BAN on the automobile horn, except in cases of real emergency. The new rules forbid the blowing of automobile horns or the sounding of klaxons in city streets. Only when actual danger is imminent is the driver allowed to warn pedestrians or other vehicles, and he may also, on open

roads, signal to cars ahead of him, if he intends to pass. In cities, however, he must silently slow down at intersecting streets, allow pedestrians to pass, and then proceed again. The regulations also affect bicycles, which must not round corners or cross streets faster than at a walking speed. Reports from traffic officials in principal Swedish cities showed a 100 per cent success. In the capital the transition from a noisy to a silent traffic was effected without an accident, in spite of the fact that the city did not detail one extra policeman on special duty. Transgressors eventually will be fined, or even given jail sentences, but for the time being the authorities will not deal harshly with erring motorists or pedestrians, who now must make use of clearly marked zones, when crossing streets.

RIGHTHAND TRAFFIC, not only for automobiles, but also for trolley cars and possibly trains, has again been a subject for discussion, though the reform was rejected two years ago by the Riksdag. The Royal Automobile Club and all tourist interests favor the change so as to facilitate driving by foreigners, while the insurance companies oppose it as likely to cause more accidents. The change was also favored by the recent Inter-Scandinavian Conference. Both Norway and Denmark already have the righthand traffic. The cost of the change was estimated at from 8,000,000 to 9,000,000 kronor, as most buses and trolley cars would have to be rebuilt and switches and platforms changed. The insurance men say they would have to raise their rates. Now it is chiefly foreign drivers who become confused and cause head-on collisions.

PROFESSOR BENGT HESSELMAN, of Uppsala, one of Sweden's foremost philologists, has been made a member of the Swedish Academy, which annually awards the Nobel Prize for Literature. He succeeds the late Professor Axel Kock.

SCANDINAVIANS IN AMERICA

Dr. Andreen of Augustana

Augustana College in Rock Island, Illinois, the central institution of learning of the Swedish Augustana Synod, as it stands today, is largely the creation of one man, Dr. Gustav Albert Andreen who last June completed his thirty-fourth year as president. Dr. Andreen had reached the age limit of seventy years in 1934, but was asked to remain in order to preside at the



Dr. Gustav Albert Andreen

seventy-fifth anniversary of the college this year. Many fine tributes were paid to the retiring president by the trustees, friends, and not least by the students of the college.

Gustav Albert Andreen was born in Porter, Indiana, in 1864, and was graduated from Augustana College. He took his doctor's degree at Yale and afterwards studied for two years in Uppsala, Oslo,

and at German institutions, with a view to teaching at Yale. But when the president of Augustana College, the Rev. Olof Olsson, died, Andreen was called to fill that post. During his presidency he has raised an endowment fund as well as funds for six buildings: a new home for the Theological Seminary which is a part of the institution, an auditorium, a woman's building with fine reception rooms, the magnificent Denkman Memorial Library, and finally the Wallgren Hall of Science which was dedicated at the seventy-fifth anniversary of the college.

Nor have the more intangible values been neglected. Dr. Andreen has built up at Augustana a faculty which is highly esteemed for thorough and efficient work, and he has set on the institution the stamp of his own singularly warm and winning personality.

Dean Bergendoff Succeeds Dr. Andreen

The man who has been chosen to succeed Dr. Andreen as president of Augustana is Dr. Conrad Bergendoff who for four years has been dean of the Theological Seminary. He is only thirty-five years old. The son of a Swedish pastor, he was graduated from Augustana College and afterwards from the Theological Seminary, and served as a pastor of a church in Chicago.

Upon the suggestion of Archbishop Söderblom, who visited this country in 1924, the young pastor decided to spend a time of study in Swedish and German universities. His doctor's degree was taken at the University of Chicago. He has won wide recognition as an instructor in the field of religion and a trainer of young men for the ministry. Added to this, the administrative ability shown as dean of the Seminary, and the sincerity and integrity of mind and character which impress all who meet him, made Dean Bergendoff the logical choice for president of



Dr. Conrad Bergendoff

the great institution which comprises both the College and the Theological Seminary.

At the Colleges

The Concordia College Band, of Moorhead, Minnesota, is touring Norway this summer under its leader, J. A. Holvik, who is also professor of Norwegian at the college. The forty members of the band are nearly all of Norwegian descent, and this is their first visit to the land of their fathers. On the way out, successful concerts, with programs covering a wide range of music, were given in Chicago and in Brooklyn.

The a capella choir from Dana College, Blair, Nebraska, which is touring Denmark this summer under the leadership of Gunnar Malmin, sang at the Fourth of July celebration at Rebild and was heard here over the radio.

Frithiof Fryxell, professor of geology at Augustana College, has leave of absence to serve on the committee of the Federal government for the development of museums in the national parks all over the country. The committee has its head-

quarters in Berkeley, California, and Professor Fryxell is in charge of the geological display. He has for several years past spent his summers as naturalist at the Grand Teton Park, Wyoming.

The Wallberg Hall of Science, which was dedicated at Augustana College last June, was given by a brother and a sister, Emil and Marie Wallberg, of Toronto, both now deceased. They not only gave money for the building and equipment, but endowed it sufficiently to care for the upkeep. The building is a plain three-story structure of moderate size but large enough to hold the required classrooms and laboratories as well as the scientific library of the college. The equipment is all modern and first class. The head of the science department is Professor J. P. Magnusson.

It is interesting to note among the geological specimens displayed in the new Wallberg Hall of Science a number of specimens of the remains of prehistoric animals unearthed on the small island on which Augustana College is situated.

The Norwegian America Line with headquarters in Oslo has announced the gift of \$1,000 each to Luther College in Decorah, Iowa, and St. Olaf College in Northfield, Minnesota. The interest of the money, when it amounts to \$50, is to be used as a prize for the best essay on any subject relating to the history, geography, literature, or culture generally of Norway, the subject to be chosen by the authorities of the colleges themselves.

American Daughters of Sweden

The Chicago branch of the national organization American Daughters of Sweden continues this year the generous award of a scholarship at the University of Chicago to a young girl of Swedish descent. The winner is Miss Laura Bergquist, who graduated with highest honors last June from the Englewood High School. She is a daughter of the Rev. Carl Emil Bergquist.

Among the Educators

At the meeting of the National Education Association in Denver in the early part of July, Miss Agnes Samuelson was elected president of the organization. The association went on record as favoring "academic freedom" for teachers. Miss Samuelson, who is of Swedish descent, is a graduate of Iowa State University and since 1927 State superintendent of public instruction in Iowa. She was one of those awarded an honorary degree at Augustana College at the recent jubilee.

Swedish on the Radio

Professor A. A. Stomberg, of the University of Minnesota, last year initiated a series of radio lessons in Swedish which have been very popular and, it is to be hoped, will be continued this year. The radio should be an excellent means of counteracting that general deterioration which almost inevitably takes place where the Scandinavian languages are only used colloquially in a more and more hopeless mixture with English. The University estimates that more than 25,000 persons listened in for Dr. Stomberg's lessons.

Adapting the Danish Folk High School

As dean and director of the College of Agriculture in the University of Wisconsin, Chris L. Christensen, known to his friends as "the Big Dane," has found an opportunity to adapt the fundamental idea of the Danish Folk High School, which he studied in Denmark with a Fellowship from the American-Scandinavian Foundation in 1921-22. He was not content to train research workers, expert advisors and in general professional men in the field of agriculture. He wished, like the Danish high schools, to reach the men who were to spend their lives tilling the soil, not only to help them to carry on their work more efficiently, but also to make their lives richer and more enjoyable. With this in view he started the

short course in which young men, usually between the ages of nineteen and twenty-six, receive room, board, tuition, and the advantages of community life in the four winter months for the fabulously low rate of \$97.50.

The problems that confront the young American farmer are perhaps more complex than those dealt with in the Danish schools, which are chiefly cultural in their courses. Dean Christensen wants to train his young farmers to meet the requirements of social and economic adjustment in our day. He lays great stress, for instance, on public speaking. Modern conditions have taken the rural worker out of his isolation, and he must be prepared to meet the townsman on equal terms. He needs to study the theory of economics and the policies of government so far as these affect farm prices. Nor are the purely cultural and social things neglected in the short course. Appreciation of music and drama are taught, and members of the faculty of the University are pressed into service to lecture in various branches of the humanities.

The short course has been attended by young men from sixty-nine of Wisconsin's seventy-one counties. As soon as he can provide proper buildings, Dean Christensen means to follow it with a summer course for young women from the farms.

A Scholarship in Art

A young Danish-born artist in San Francisco, Fred Vidar, has received the Chaloner award of \$6,000 for study in Paris and other European art centers. Though only twenty-three years old, Vidar has roved through many parts of the world from Russia to Cuba, and has painted wherever he has been. The award was won in a competition in which he submitted three easel paintings, but he excels also in fresco painting which he has studied under Diego Rivera.

Eva Le Gallienne Honored

The Award of Honor given each year by the Town Hall Club in New York to the one of its members who has made the most conspicuous contribution to the enlargement and enrichment of life was given this year to the actress Eva Le Gallienne.

Milles an Honorary Member

The American Institute of Architects at its annual convention held in Milwaukee elected two new honorary members, one being the Swedish sculptor Carl Milles of Cranbrook. The new president of the Institute is Mr. Stephen F. Voorhees, of New York, who since his visit to Sweden in 1932 has been very much interested in Swedish architecture. Last year the American Institute of Architects conferred their gold medal on Ragnar Östberg, architect of the Stockholm Town Hall.

At the Metropolitan Opera

Kaja Eide Norena, the Norwegian soprano, has been reengaged by the new management of the Metropolitan Opera in New York.

Kirsten Flagstad, before the opening of the season in New York, will make a concert tour of the country. In Chicago she will give a concert together with the Metropolitan's Wagnerian tenor, Lauritz Melchior. They will be heard in Wagner programs.

Madame Gertrud Pålson-Wettergren, contralto of the Stockholm Opera, is engaged by the Metropolitan Opera in New York for the first half of the coming season. She is to sing *Carmen*, *Amneris* in *Aida*, *Ortrud* in *Lohengrin*, *Brangäne* in *Tristan und Isolde*, and *Venus* in *Tannhäuser*.

Madame Hammer in Ibsen Tour

Madame Borgny Hammer, whose activity in interpreting Ibsen is well known,

will this autumn again tour the colleges and universities of the Middle West with her company of American actors. Her repertoire will include *Ghosts*, *Hedda Gabler*, and *When We Dead Awaken*. Madame Hammer is planning this time also to include a play by some modern dramatist. St. Olaf will be one of the colleges visited on the tour, which will in the main be devoted to non-Scandinavian institutions.

A Monument to John Ericsson

Governor Lehman has approved the bill stipulating the erection of a monument to John Ericsson at Greenpoint, Brooklyn, where the *Monitor* was built. The bill provides for a State commission of five members which is to make preparation for the erection of the monument and also for historical pageants in connection with it. The measure is due in large part to the John Ericsson Society, the president of which is Mr. E. Theo. I. Thygeson.

Leif Ericson Day

The long campaign to have the Norse discoverer of America officially recognized has now borne fruit in a resolution passed by the Congress and signed by the President which sets aside October 9 as Leif Ericson Day. It is decreed that government buildings are to fly the flag on that day, and schools are requested to arrange special programs in order to familiarize the children with the story of the first discovery of America.

Citizens of Norwegian descent are preparing to commemorate the day this year with more than usual festivities. The organizations which have carried on this work so energetically ought now to make it a plank in their platform to eradicate the mispronunciation of Leif's name as "Leef"—sometimes aggravated by misspelling it "Lief."

THE AMERICAN SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION

*For better intellectual relations between the American and Scandinavian peoples,
by means of an exchange of students, publications, and a Bureau of Information*

ESTABLISHED BY NIELS POULSON, IN 1911

Trustees: Henry Goddard Leach, President; Charles S. Haight, John A. Gade, William Hovgaard, Vice-Presidents; Hans Christian Sonne, Treasurer; John G. Bergquist, E. A. Cappelen-Smith, James Creese, Lincoln Ellsworth, John D. Hage, Hamilton Holt, Edwin O. Holter, George N. Jeppson, William Witherle Lawrence, Hilmer Lundbeck, Charles S. Peterson, John Dyneley Prince, Charles J. Rhoads, Frederic Schaefer, George Vincent, Owen D. Young.

Cooperating Bodies: Sweden—Sverige-Amerika Stiftelsen, Grevturegatan 16, Stockholm, J. S. Edström, President; A. R. Nordvall, Kommerserådet Enström, and Professor The. Svedberg, Vice-Presidents; Eva Fröberg, Secretary; Denmark—Danmarks Amerikanske Selskab, Ernst Michelsen, President; Viggo Carstensen, Secretary, Store Kongensgade 72, Copenhagen; Norway—Norge-Amerika Fondet, Lille Strandgate 1, Oslo; K. J. Hougen, Chairman; Arne Kildal, Secretary.

Associates: All who are in sympathy with the aims of the Foundation are invited to become Associates. Regular Associates, paying \$3.00 annually, receive the REVIEW. Sustaining Associates, paying \$10.00 annually, receive the REVIEW and CLASSICS. Life Associates, paying \$200.00 once for all, receive all publications.

Fellows of the Foundation

Mr. Gösta Gaddenius, Fellow of the Foundation from Sweden, arrived in New York on May 20. Mr. Gaddenius is studying hotel organization at the Hotel Astor in New York City.

Mr. Harald Romanus, Fellow of the Foundation from Sweden, sailed for home on May 25. Mr. Romanus, who is on the staff of the Royal Institute of Technology in Stockholm, has been studying at the Harvard Engineering School.

Mrs. Ingrid Holm, Fellow of the Foundation from Sweden, who has been studying American methods of physical education, sailed for home on May 25.

Dr. Carl Seipel, Fellow of the Foundation from Sweden, arrived in New York on April 2. While in this country Dr. Seipel will study orthodontia.

Mr. Calvin S. Hathaway, curator of the Museum for the Arts of Decoration at the Cooper Union in New York City, sailed in June to study contemporary industrial art in the three Scandinavian countries as a Fellow of the Foundation.

Dr. Albin Widen, Fellow of the Foundation from Sweden, arrived in New York on July 25. Dr. Widen will study at the Field Museum in Chicago.

Dr. Howard A. Robinson, Irving Lang-

muir Fellow of the Foundation to Sweden, sailed on August 5. Dr. Robinson will pursue research in physics at the University of Uppsala under Professor Manne Siegbahn.

Mr. T. Wegge, of Oslo, has received a Fellowship at Bowdoin College where he will study economics and finance.

Sister Hulda Lindvall of the Red Cross has been selected by Sverige Amerika Stiftelsen for a Fellowship at Essex County Hospital, Cedar Grove, New Jersey, where she will study the care of the insane.

Fellows from Denmark

Danmarks Amerikanske Selskab has awarded a Fellowship to Mr. Nils Kampmann, who will study the coal industry in the United States. This Fellowship is donated by the Grosserer-Societet.

Through cooperation with the Mönsted Fund, Danmarks Amerikanske Selskab is giving a Fellowship to Miss Emmy Langberg, one time secretary to the late explorer Knud Rasmussen. Miss Langberg will study possible markets for Greenland products.

Other Fellows who are coming here with support from the Mönsted Fund are: Mr. H. T. Bruun, to study radio tech-

nique; Mr. R. Friis-Mikkelsen, to study refrigeration of meats; Mr. H. L. Loft, to study the manufacture of bread; Mr. Steffen Holmblad, to study metallography and foundries; Mr. Jörgen Reinhard and Mr. Hilbert Christiansen, to study commercial subjects; Mr. P. A. Christensen, to study ventilation technique.

Former Fellows

Dr. Harry Söderman, Fellow of the Foundation from Sweden in 1933-34, is co-author with Deputy Chief Inspector John J. O'Connell of the New York Police Department of a book entitled *Modern Criminal Investigation* recently published by Funk & Wagnalls.

Dr. J. P. Baumberger, Fellow of the Foundation to Denmark in 1925-26, sailed on July 25 to Gothenburg en route to Leningrad where he will give a paper at the International Physiological Congress. Dr. Baumberger, who has recently been advanced to the rank of Professor of Physiology at Stanford University, has received support for his research on cancer cell metabolism and on biological oxidations from the Rockefeller Foundation, the E. S. Plotz Foundation, and the American Medical Association.

Miss Laura Krejci, Fellow of the Foundation to Sweden in 1931-32, has recently published in the *Journal of the American Chemical Society* a report on "The Ultracentrifugal Study of Pomelin" written in collaboration with Professor The Svedberg in whose laboratory at Uppsala the research was done. Professor Svedberg and Miss Krejci have also published the results of the ultracentrifugal study of the proteins of wheat flour.

Royal Wedding Present

The wedding present of the American-Scandinavian Foundation and Danmarks Amerikanske Selskab to Crown Prince Frederik of Denmark and Princess Ingrid

of Sweden was an oil painting, "New York Interior," by the Danish-born artist, Mr. John C. Johansen of New York.



C. J. Hambro

C. J. Hambro to Lecture Here

President of the Storting C. J. Hambro, of Oslo, will lecture here under the auspices of the American-Scandinavian Foundation. As delegate from Norway to the League of Nations he has been for many years at the center of international events. As president of Nordmannsforbundet he is especially interested in Americans of Norwegian descent and is well known among them. He is an orator of note.

Nordmannsforbundet

At the annual meeting of Nordmannsforbundet, June 18, held for the first time in the new home of the association in Oslo, Mr. C. J. Hambro was reelected president. In the evening a banquet was held at the Ekeberg restaurant.

Danmarks Amerikanske Selskab

The cooperating organization of the American-Scandinavian Foundation in Denmark is Danmarks Amerikanske Selskab. This society held its annual meeting on June 26 when new bylaws were adopted and it was voted to enlarge the governing board. The old members of the board who will continue to serve are Mr. Einar Dessau, Mr. Ernst Meyer, Mr. Ernst Michaelsen, Mr. Chr. Overgaard, and Professor P. A. Pedersen. The new members are Professor K. A. Bondorff, Mr. Viggo Carstensen, Consul General Chr. Holm, Mr. David F. Ladin, Mr. Gunnar Larsen, Mr. Cai Hegermann-Lindencrone, Mr. H. C. Möller, Mr. H. P. Prior, and Captain Wm. J. Rague.

Mr. Ernst Michaelsen was elected chairman of the board and Mr. Viggo Carstensen secretary. It was decided to make a drive for new members.

Greetings to Denmark

A goodwill broadcast to Denmark on Valdemar's Day, June 15, was arranged under the auspices of the American-Scandinavian Foundation by Mr. Peter Reinsholm, a Danish student who is making a study of broadcasting in this country. The speakers were Senator Borah, Dr. Henry Goddard Leach, Mr. R. Riis, and Mr. Charles Binderup. Danish and American music was played by the United States Marine Band and national songs were sung by the Danish-American Choir of Chicago. The broadcast was heard also in Belgium where the American Minister to Denmark, Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, was visiting the Danish house at the Brussels Exhibition.

The Mauritzson Memorial Awards

This year for the first time the prizes of the Mauritzson Memorial Award, administered by the Augustana Chapter of the American-Scandinavian Foundation, have been distributed. The Award was

founded two years ago by Professor Paulus Lange, of the Iowa State College in Ames, and was named in honor of the late Jules Mauritzson, Professor of Swedish at Augustana College. Its purpose was to encourage interest in Scandinavian studies among undergraduates, and at first it was limited to students at Augustana, but last year it was decided to open the contest to undergraduates from all American colleges. The American-Scandinavian Foundation contributed an amount equal to that donated by the founder, and it was thus possible to give fairly substantial prizes.

The first prize of \$50 was won by Oliver Thoburn Field, of Reed College, Oregon, with an essay on "The Intellectual Milieu of Fourteenth Century Norway and a Theory Regarding Norwegian Names."

The second prize of \$35 was won by Dorothea McGregor, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, with an essay on "Ibsenism through Bernard Shaw and Vice Versa."

The third prize of \$25 was won by Runa Kastman of Augustana College with "A Study of the Contrasting Elements of *Gösta Berling's Saga* and *Jerusalem*, both by Selma Lagerlöf."

The Augustana Chapter

The Augustana Chapter of the Foundation, at Rock Island, Illinois, held its last meeting for the season on June 1. The occasion was the visit of Hanna Astrup Larsen, editor of the REVIEW, who represented the American-Scandinavian Foundation at the seventy-fifth anniversary of Augustana College. About forty members of the chapter met for dinner in a tea room, where Miss Larsen spoke on Selma Lagerlöf.

In Madison

Madison, Wisconsin, is the seat of two Norwegian literary societies of an age that for such organizations may be regarded as almost venerable. The society

Yggdrasil, now in its fortieth year, was founded by three men, Professor R. B. Anderson, first professor of Scandinavian at the University of Wisconsin, Professor Julius E. Olson, who succeeded him in that position, and the late Peer Strömme, a well known writer and editor. In all these years the society has never missed its regular meetings. A year later the Gudrid reading circle was founded by wives of the Yggdrasil members. Naturally, the two societies have cooperated and often meet together.

Through the kindness of Professor Olson, the editor of the REVIEW was given an opportunity to address both organizations at special meetings. At the Gudrid, which met at the home of Mrs. S. L. Odegard, May 28, Miss Larsen spoke of Scandinavian women authors whom she had met. At the Yggdrasil meeting, May 29, in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Steensland, where also the members of Gudrid were present, she spoke on the American-Scandinavian Foundation. The

meeting was opened by the president of Yggdrasil, former Insurance Commissioner H. L. Ekern.

At Ames

At Ames, Iowa, which is the seat of Iowa State College, Miss Larsen spoke informally on the work and aims of the Foundation to a gathering in the home of the Rev. and Mrs. N. Astrup Larsen. Scandinavians and friends of Scandinavia are well represented on the faculty of the college, several members of which were present.

Our New Classic

The Foundation will publish this autumn *Four Icelandic Sagas* translated with an Introduction by Gwyn Jones, of England. The sagas include the popular *Hrafnkel Freysgodi's Saga* and the two related tales *Thorstein the White's Saga* and *The Weaponsmiths' Saga* together with *The Saga of the Men of Keelness*.

THE REVIEW AND



ITS CONTRIBUTORS

Nils Ahnlund, professor at Stockholms Höghskola, is the author of an authoritative life of Gustavus Adolphus. . . . Knut Greve is president of the Society of Applied Art, "Foreningen Brukskunst," in Oslo. . . . Efraim Lundmark has written extensively on the history of art in Swe-

den. . . . Einar Skavlan, editor of *Dagbladet* in Oslo, and one time head of the National Theater, has contributed to the REVIEW articles on the Norwegian stage. . . . Cora Sandel is the pseudonym of a Norwegian writer. . . . Julius Clausen is a regular contributor to the REVIEW.

Danish Books for American Libraries, 1933-35

Compiled by Robert L. Hansen, State Library Inspector for Denmark.
American prices furnished by Albert Bonnier, New York.

FICTION

Becker, Knuth. *Verden venter.* Gyldendal. 1934. Paper bound, \$2.65

A sequel to *Det daglige Brød*, describing life at a large orphanage for boys. The most important novel of the year.

Bregendahl, Marie. *Holger Hauge og hans Hustru.* Jespersen og Pio. 1934-35. 2 vols. Paper bound, \$2.15 per volume

One of the best novels of the soil in modern Danish literature. It deals with the married life of a progressive farmer and his wife, and presents at the same time a historical sketch of the Danish peasantry at the turn of the century.

Buchholtz, Johannes. *Frank Dovers Ansigt.* Gyldendal. 1933. 248 pages. Paper bound, \$1.70

A fresh tale about life at sea and about South Africa.

Buchholtz, Johannes. *Frank Dover og den lille Kvinde.* Gyldendal. 1934. 248 pages. Paper bound, \$1.70

A sequel to *Frank Dover*.

Fischer, Leck. *Det maa gerne blive Mandag.* Nyt Nordisk Forlag. 1934. 204 pages. Paper bound, \$1.40

A gripping book about the unemployed.

Heinesen, William. *Blæsende Gry.* Levin. 1934. 480 pages. Paper bound, \$1.60

A novel from the Faeroe Islands.

Jensen, Johannes, V. *Sælernes Ö.* Gyldendal. 1934. 134 pages. Paper bound, \$0.90

The seventh volume of *Myths*.

Skjoldborg, Johan. *Kristine af Strandgaarden og andre Fortællinger.* Gyldendal. 1933. 192 pages. Paper bound, \$1.25

Exceptionally good and pleasing stories in the best folk style.

GENERAL

Engelstoft, Povl and Wendt, F. W. *Haandbog i Danmarks politiske Historie fra Freden i Kiel til vore Dage.* Gyldendal. 1934. 495 pages. Paper bound, \$3.75

An outline of Danish history since 1814 stressing the political development.

Freuchen, Peter. *Knud Rasmussen, som jeg husker ham.* Gyldendal. 1934. 122 pages. Paper bound, \$0.90

The author's memories of the great explorer.

Frifelt, Salomon. *Ad jydsk Veje sønderud. Smaatræk af Studehandelens Kaar fra Vikingen til Andelsbonden.* Gyldendal. 1934. 336 pages. Illustrated. Paper bound, \$1.15

An amusing book full of true stories by and about the Jutland cattle dealer.

Frisch, Hartvig. *Pest over Europa. Bolshevisme—Fascisme—Nazisme.* Koppel. 1933. 386 pages. Paper bound, \$1.75

An excellent survey and compilation with fine illustrations. The author, a teacher, is a Social-Democratic member of the Folkething.

Hjortø, Knud. *Under det svindende Lys.* Nyt Nordisk Forlag. 1933. 180 pages. Paper bound, \$1.45

Containing among other things pleasant childhood memories.

Holst, Helge. *Danmarks Indsats i Teknikkens Udvikling.* Gad. 1933. Paper bound, \$0.50

Denmark's contribution to technical development.

Johansen, Oluf. *Nybygger.* Hasselbalch. 1934. 248 pages. Paper bound, \$1.25

Pioneer life in Argentina. One of the year's best books.

Kristensen, K. J., ed. *Det Danske Landbrug.* (Nyt socialt Bibliotek.) Martin. 1933. 272 pages. Paper bound, \$1.00

A handy survey of all the economic angles of Danish agriculture written by a specialist.

Marstrand, Even. *Arbejderorganisation og Arbejderkaar i Danmark fra 1848 til Nutiden.* (Nyt socialt Bibliotek.) Martin. 1934. 256 pages. Paper bound, \$1.00

An account of workers' organizations and working conditions in Denmark from 1848 to the present.

Mortensen, Rasmus, and others. *Vejle Amt. En Hjemstavnsbog.* Kolding. Konrad Jørgensen. 1934. 564 pages. Illustrated. Paper bound, \$2.15

An account of a whole county's history, topography, and folk life, prepared as a book for school libraries and consequently written in popular style.

Skjoldborg, Johan. *Min Mindebog. Barnedomens Dage.* Gyldendal. 1934. 148 pages. Paper bound, \$1.25

Childhood memories.

Ström, Arne. *Onkel gav os Brød.* Gyldendal. 1934. 276 pages. Paper bound, \$1.45

A poultry expert's experiences during a year's service in Russia. Very critical attitude. Well written.

Thiele, J. M. *Danske Folkesagn efter . . . og andre Folkemindesamlere*. Gyldendal. 1933. 212 pages. Paper bound, \$1.25

Danish folklore and folklorists.

Thomsen, Ejnar. *Dansk Litteratur efter 1870 med Sideblik til det øvrige Norden*. Hirschsprung. 1935. 185 pages. Paper bound, \$1.45

A history of Danish literature since 1870 with some consideration of the other Scandinavian literatures, intended especially for colleges. Interestingly written.

Thomsen, Ingeborg, and Thorsen, Svend. *De fire onde Aar. Dagligt Liv i Sønderjylland under Verdenskrigen*. Gad. 1933. 160 pages. Paper bound, \$0.90

Daily life in South Jutland during the four years of the World War.

Toksvig, Signe. H. C. Andersen. Published by Jesper Ewald. Reitzel. 1934. 324 pages. Illustrated. Paper bound, \$2.65

The best comprehensive view of Andersen's whole life and authorship that has yet appeared. Written for the general reader.

Ussing, Henrik. *Mellem sydfynske Sunde. Hverdag og Højtide*. Schönberg. 1934. 300 pages. Illustrated. Paper bound, \$2.00

Lively descriptions of the life, customs, and habits on the pretty, smiling islands south of Fyn.

Wilmann, Preben. *Dansk Kunst*. Fremad. 1934. 192 pages. Illustrated. Cloth bound, \$1.15

A history of Danish art written for the lay reader from the Marxian standpoint. In spite of this the book is remarkably felicitous. Excellently illustrated.

POETRY

Grundtvig, N. F. S. *Digte*. Introduction, selection, and notes by Carl S. Petersen. Drawings by Joakim Skovgaard. Published by the Fremtiden Society. Haase. 1933. 252 pages. Paper bound, \$2.00

An annotated and illustrated edition of Grundtvig's poems.

Norwegian Books for American Libraries, 1934

Compiled by Birgit Foss, Deichmanske Bibliotek, Oslo. Approved by the Library Department of the Norwegian Ministry of Church and Education. American prices furnished by Albert Bonnier, New York.

FICTION

Anker, Nini Roll. *Elling Torsens hjem*. Aschehoug. 1934. 327 pages. Paper bound, \$1.95

The story of a marriage. A strong, matter-of-fact business man marries the daughter of an artist, herself a woman of highly artistic temperament. They live happily in a small town in Norway until she is stricken with an incurable form of heart disease. The quiet, monotonous, and childless marriage which follows as a consequence is not enough to fill his life and complications arise. The book is very readable and holds the interest throughout.

EGGE, Peter. *Oprørere*. Gyldendal. 1934. 287 pages. Paper bound, \$1.85

The scene of this novel is laid in Trøndelag in the 'eighties. The young Lars Rastgård, wealthy heir to a large estate, has from his early childhood had a keen perception of the injustices of the social system. Filled with pity for the poor, he studies and reads intensively to fit himself for a political career devoted to the leveling of class distinctions. All goes well

until he meets a woman he loves. He is then faced with the choice of giving up the fight for his ideas or of losing her. This story with its deep human interest is one of the author's best.

Fangen, Ronald. *Mannen som elsket rettferdigheten*. Gyldendal. 1934. 373 pages. Paper bound, \$2.05

The story takes place in a small German town a hundred years ago. Gottfried Stein, a master shoemaker of the good old school, having striven all his life for justice and truth, comes into conflict with his conscience and the law. He becomes a querulous, solitary muser and a long series of disasters follows. The narrative is convincing and well constructed and has great psychological interest.

Fönhus, Mikkjel. *Ontarioskogen*. Aschehoug. 1934. 165 pages. Paper bound, \$1.80

A talented description of the life and struggles of Norwegian lumberers in the immense forest districts of Canada. Probably the author's best book.

Gulbrandsen, Trygve. *Det blåser fra Dauningfjell.* Aschehoug. 1934. 236 pages. Paper bound, \$1.55

A romantic novel from the broad and fertile valleys of southeastern Norway. This chronicle of a rich and powerful *storbonde-slekt*, the family at Bjørndal, deals with some of the same characters as the author's first novel *Og bakom synger skogene*, which was published last year.

Larsen, Gunnar. *Week-end i evigheten.* Gyldendal. 1934. 149 pages. Paper bound, \$1.25

The critic Finn Halvorsen writing in *Aftenposten* says of this novel that it is "not only an unusual book, an intense and gripping narrative from the borderland of consciousness; it is also significant literature and the best thing Gunnar Larsen has yet done."

Madsen, Jon. *Franskebukta.* Gyldendal. 1934. 193 pages. Paper bound, \$1.80

The Norwegian tramp ship *Alto*, old and rickety and heavily loaded with iron, sails from Cork in Ireland bound for Bordeaux. In an angry sea the steamer makes its way through the danger zone at the time when German submarine warfare was at its height. The author describes the various types and the life on board, giving us a vivid impression of the dangers, hardships, and suffering of a sailor's life during the World War.

Scott, Gabriel. *Storebror.* Gyldendal. 1934. 288 pages. Paper bound, \$1.70

The tale of two brothers of entirely different character, the one selfish and hypocritical, the other thoroughly good and tender hearted, set in southern Norway during the period after 1814. The book is written with much imagination and human understanding.

POETRY

Bull, Olaf. *Samlede dikte i folkeutgave.* Gyldendal. 1934. 447 pages. Paper bound, \$1.95; cloth, \$3.25

An inexpensive, popular edition of the late Olaf Bull's collected poems in attractive format with a sympathetic introduction by the poet Gunnar Reiss-Andersen.

Överland, Arnulf. *Jeg besværges dig.* Dikte. Aschehoug. 1934. 85 pages. Paper bound, \$1.00
A collection of poems by one of Norway's most skilful lyricists.

Reiss-Andersen, Gunnar. *Horisont.* Dikte. Gyldendal. 1934. 136 pages. Paper bound, \$1.15

The poet's first collection in six years, including his verses for the Björnson jubilee and the Jonas Lie celebration, a poem to Nils

Collett Vogt on his seventieth birthday, and a rhymed letter to Olaf Bull.

GENERAL

Björnson, Björn. *Bare ungdom.* Aschehoug. 1934. 306 pages. Paper bound, \$1.75

The former volume of his memoirs told about the author's home at Aulestad. The book in hand presents to us scenes from artistic circles in Germany, Austria, and France—reminiscences from Björn's first years of study abroad. Written in a vivid and charming way.

Bull, Edvard, and others. *Det norske folks liv og historie.* Vols. III and X. Aschehoug. 1934. Bound in half-leather, \$2.70 per volume.

Two new volumes have recently been added to this monumental work on Norwegian history: Vol. III by S. Hasund dealing with the period 1280-1500, and Vol. X by Wilhelm Keilhau, 1875-1920. Both are specialists in their different fields. Mr. Hasund's book is especially strong on the history of agriculture in the period, and Mr. Keilhau's vivid account of the present age deserves great credit.

Elster, Kristian. *Illustreret norsk litteraturhistorie.* 2nd edition. Gyldendal. 1934-35. 6 vols. Cloth bound, \$1.40 per volume

This new edition is issued in six handy volumes. An excellent popular survey of Norwegian literature up to the present. Richly illustrated.

Johansen, David Monrad. *Edvard Grieg.* Gyldendal. 1934. 448 pages. Paper bound, \$3.75; cloth, \$4.40

A fine study of Edvard Grieg, with a thorough and systematic analysis of his works. The interesting illustrative material, consisting in part of hitherto unpublished pictures, makes the book the more valuable. The typographical make-up is very attractive.

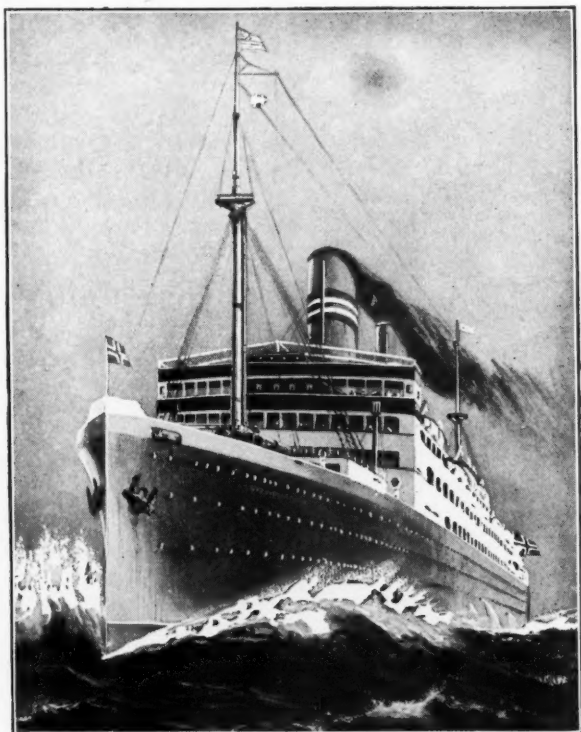
Undset, Sigrid. *Elleve år.* Aschehoug. 1934. 358 pages. Paper bound, \$2.00

It is probably perfectly safe to call this last Undset an autobiography. In a charming and entertaining way the author tells the story of little Ingvill from her earliest childhood up to her eleventh year when her father dies. A true study in child life, among the best in modern literature.

Vogt, Nils Collett. *Oplevelser.* Aschehoug. 1934. 217 pages. Paper bound, \$1.40

This distinguished lyric poet is quite as charming as a prose writer. In this continuation of his autobiography, begun in *Fra gutt til mann*, he tells in an interesting way of the historical and political events of his youth and of people he has met.

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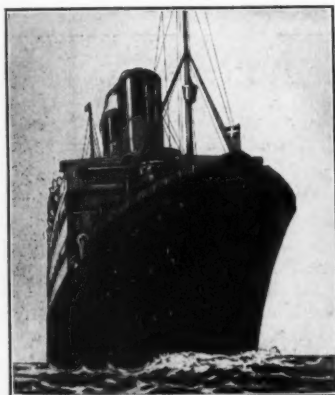
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TRADE NOTES

ICELANDIC EXPOSITION PLANNED FOR COPENHAGEN

In order to further trade relations between Iceland and Denmark the exposition committee of the Industrial Association has invited the Icelandic government to participate in an exhibition in Copenhagen which will emphasize the great variety of products that can be interchanged between the two countries. Director Benny Dessau, who is chairman of the Industrial Association, finds that not much is known in Denmark about the great natural resources of Iceland, and he believes that, on the other hand, the political relationship will be strengthened when the people become better acquainted through increased business relations. The Icelandic Minister at Copenhagen, Sveinn Björnsson, is taking an active part in the exhibition preparations.

FRENCH DELEGATION STUDYING INDUSTRIES OF SWEDEN

A delegation of French business men and industrialists has been visiting Sweden under the leadership of Etienne Fougere, who as spokesman for the party expressed his admiration for the inventive genius which was evident in many of the Swedish enterprises. Among the places visited were Trollhättan and Eskilstuna, with the start made from Gothenburg through Värmland and the Fryk Valley. A deviation from the business schedule was a visit to Selma Lagerlöf whose writings were

known to most of the delegates. Among the prominent Frenchmen in the party were M. Le Bourgeois, president of the French Chamber of Commerce, and M. Grandin de l'Eprevier.

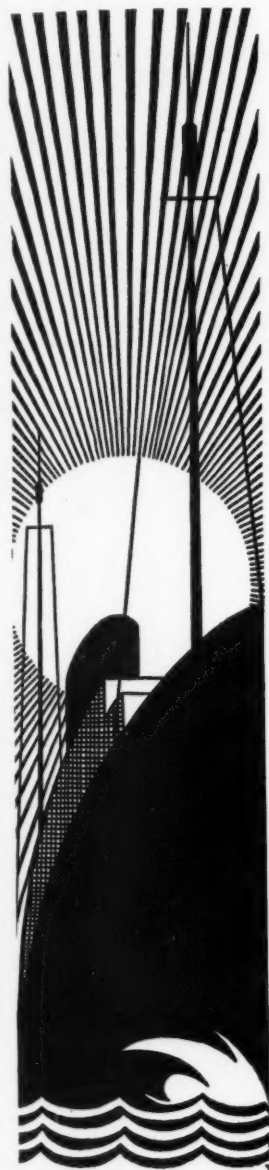
THE ELECTROCHEMICAL INDUSTRY IN NORWAY SURVEYED

In the *Quarterly Bulletin* of the Norwegian Chamber of Commerce in New York, Engineer Chr. Ræsted has a complete survey of the progress of the electrochemical industry of the country, which began with the creation of the nitrate industry, established in 1905, on the basis of the Birkeland-Eyde electric arc process. This was then the first plant in the world for the production of synthetic nitrogen. As early as 1911, Norks Hydro had an invested capital of nearly 100,000,000 kroner. The power consumed was 138,000 horsepower. The annual output was then 14,000 tons of pure nitrogen. This quantity was more than doubled in 1926, and the following year the manufacturing method was changed largely by adopting the ammonia-synthesis process. This enabled the company to turn out 90,000 tons of nitrogen in 1929. The total capital involved then was 250,000,000 kroner. In 1933 a plant for the production of soda was built at Eidanger with a yearly capacity of 18,000 tons calcined soda.

The production of aluminum is another very important electrochemical industry in Norway. The Norwegian aluminum plants have a capacity of 37,000 tons annually.

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S.S. ARGOSY	Sept. 26	S.S. SCANYORK	Dec. 20

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SHIPPING NOTES

GDYNIA-AMERICA LINE'S
MS. "PILSUDSKI" IN SERVICE

With the 15,000 ton Motorship *Pilsudski* entering the service between the Baltic port and New York, the Gdynia-America Line initiates a programme of expansion which places the company among leading shipping concerns catering to business between the old world and the new.

The *Pilsudski*, which is named after the late Polish statesman, is the first of two similar motorships to serve passenger and freight traffic between New York and Gdynia. In charge of the Scandinavian business is Charles Krebs, the vice-president of the company, who is of Danish extraction, and has long been identified with transportation matters covering the sea route in question.

As the port of Gdynia is considered an example of remarkable harbor construction, with the city itself rising out of waste land almost overnight so the new ship of the Line is the expression of the most modern and comfortable in ship architecture. According to the company, it is the first and only ship of its kind with tourist class as first class.

After her maiden voyage across the Atlantic, the *Pilsudski* arrives at her own pier at Copenhagen on October 7. Beginning with January, the ship will also be employed in the West Indies tourist trade.

NEW OFFICE FOR THE SWEDISH LINE

Director G. H. Lundbeck announces that the New York office of the Swedish American Line will be moved in October to the splendid International Building at Rockefeller Center. The reception room and information bureau will be on the ground floor, while the offices will be on the third floor.

AMERICAN SUBSIDY PLANS STUDIED
BY NORWEGIAN SHIPOWNERS

President Roosevelt's message to the Congress on government shipping subsidy is given close attention by the shipowners of Norway. Instead of the present ocean mail contracts, the President advocates a system of subsidies to offset higher American construction and operating costs and subsidies paid by foreign governments. It is the hope of Norwegian shipping circles in the United States that when the problem comes before Congress, Norwegian officialdom in Washington and elsewhere will study the angle of the situation as it concerns the maritime interests of their own country.

SUGGESTS STOWAWAYS BE
CONSIDERED INTERNATIONALLY

The Norwegian Shipowners' Association has taken up the question of the increasing number of stowaways and suggests that the matter be considered internationally. A communication to that effect has been sent to the Norwegian Ministry of Commerce, asking that the Government, in co-operation with the other Scandinavian countries, appeal to the International Labor Board. A similar communication has been sent to the International Shipping Federation in London, proposing that that body draw the attention of Geneva to the question.

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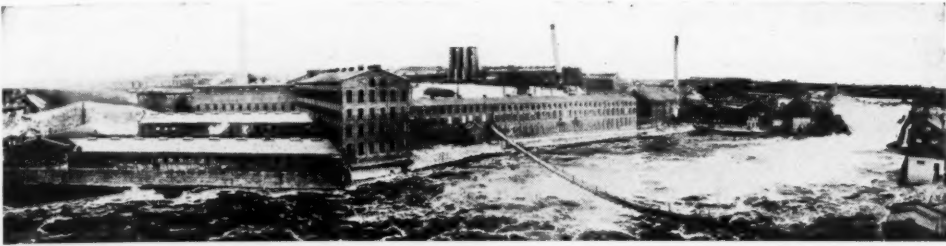
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FINANCIAL NOTES

SWEDEN REDUCES ITS NATIONAL DEBT

The national debt of Sweden has been reduced 44,000,000 kronor from a total of 2,429,000,000 kronor. The floating debt, which totaled 166,500,000 kronor, was reduced by 30,000,000 kronor; the funded debt by 14,000,000 kronor.

TAXATION OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC STOCK COMPANIES IN NORWAY

Foreign stock companies doing business in Norway, with the exception of insurance companies, pay a capital tax of 2 per mille, an income tax of 25 per cent on the calculated income, to which is added a so-called crisis tax of 2 per cent. The Oslo municipal tax is 4 per mille of the capital and 15 per cent of the income.

Domestic stock companies are assessed to a capital tax of 2 per mille, an income tax on the entire income of 6 per cent, to which is added the 2 per cent crisis tax. Shareholders in Norwegian companies living abroad are assessed to an income tax of 20 per cent on distributed dividends, together with the 2 per cent crisis tax.

DANISH BANKS SHOW GREATER SURPLUS WITH LESS INCOME

The Danish banks, with the exception of the National Bank, show an increase in the net surplus for the past year while the gross income has been less. The greater increase in net earnings is for the last half of the year. The net surplus amounted to 60,900,000 kroner as against 56,700,000 kroner for the preceding year. Loans increased by 56,000,000 kroner. Most of the capital at the disposal of the banks was employed in the purchase of securities with the view of strengthening the market.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE HOLDINGS IN BANK OF NORWAY INCREASED

During the late summer months the holdings of foreign exchange in the Bank of Norway, inclusive of funds provisionally placed in gold and interest-bearing securities in foreign currency, rose from 94,300,000 kroner to 98,300,000 kroner. The holdings thus exceed the corresponding figure in 1934 by 75,200,000 kroner. The holdings of domestic securities showed a small increase. The gold stock, which serves as cover of the note issue, remained unchanged at 118,800,000 kroner.

SWEDEN OBTAINS AN ENGLISH CONTRACT FOR 80,000,000 KRONOR

According to *Svenska Dagbladet* of Stockholm, the Southern Railway of Great Britain has let a contract amounting to 80,000,000 kronor to a syndicate in which the Asea Electric Company is largely interested. The purpose of the contract is the electrification of the Southern Railway system. The order is said to be the largest ever given to Swedish industry.

NEW DANISH ORDER REGARDING FOREIGN BANKING ACCOUNTS

Through a recent decree Danish citizens or firms residing in Denmark are required to transfer to that country amounts due them in payment of goods exported from Denmark. Only banks authorized by the National Bank to buy and sell foreign exchange, and other establishments which have

obtained permission from the National Bank, are exempt from this regulation. Permits previously granted by the National Bank or the Exchange Control Office have expired. The revision of permits is being made in order that they may be issued on more uniform terms, and not to limit the maintenance accounts if these are actually necessary in the operation of the firms' foreign business.

LIQUIDATION OF CENTRAL BANK OF NORWAY SHOWS GOOD RESULTS

In the seven years that have passed since the Central Bank of Norway went into liquidation more than 300,000,000 kroner have been paid back. According to the chairman of the liquidation administration, John Torgeson, a number of depositors from the time the bank closed have not yet been heard from. Mr. Torgeson adds that in case these depositors do not make themselves known within the next three years the money due them reverts to the government. According to the same informant, no decision has yet been made regarding the future of the bank, which in its time occupied an important place in Norwegian banking affairs.

SWEDISH SCHOOL CHILDREN OWN 32,000,000 KRONOR SAVINGS

Deposits of school children in Sweden now amount to almost 32,000,000 kronor, distributed in 359 savings banks. Ten years ago the deposits of the school children amounted to only 8,000,000 kronor. As reported by the American-Swedish News Exchange the school teachers enthusiastically interest themselves in promoting savings among their charges, and on entering primary school every child is presented by the savings banks with a pass book carrying initial deposits from two to ten kronor. This initial deposit has proved a strong incentive in adding to the savings.

GREAT BRITAIN INTERESTED IN SCANDINAVIAN ECONOMICS

The London *Daily Telegraph* has been publishing a series of articles dealing with the position of the Scandinavian countries with regard to the English sterling policy. To make clear the situation, the newspaper also invited leading Scandinavian financial experts to give their opinion on the present status and future outlook. Of the English authorities, Sir Basil Blackett, who is a member of the Bank of England board of directors, writes that an excellent relationship is maintained between the English and Scandinavian banking institutions. Neville Chamberlain, British Finance Minister, considered it important that in the present financial difficulties of a great many countries the so-called sterling block is succeeding in maintaining its stability. Professor Gustav Cassel of Sweden, and Dr. Peter Munch, Denmark's Minister of Foreign Affairs, were other contributors to the symposium.

ANGLO-NORWEGIAN EXPORT AND IMPORT FIGURES STATED

During a recent quarter exports from Norway to England amounted to 2,069,260 pounds sterling, with exports from England into Norway standing at 1,689,988 pounds sterling during the same period. Of the latter amount, 89,094 pounds sterling represent foreign and colonial goods reexported from the United Kingdom.

JULIUS MORITZEN



Torgny Lagman

Painting by Henrik Sörensen Presented by the Norwegian Storting to the Swedish Riksdag on the Occasion of Its Five Hundredth Anniversary